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ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

LORD NAAS expressed a general opinion when he deprecated unnecessary interference in Chinese affairs. The unforeseen establishment of an English Empire in India has proved, on the whole, a successful accident; but the risks and the drawbacks of the experiment form a sufficient warning against any attempt to repeat it. Political economy has come into existence since the days of CLIVE, and traders no longer believe in the expediency of commencing operations by conquering their customers. Even if the golden days of the East India Company could be recalled, China would scarcely reward the enterprise of the adventurous soldiers and statesmen who supplanted the Great Mogul. There are no Chinese Rajahs or Nawaubs to dethrone, nor are there jagheers to earn from the gratitude of pretenders restored to their dominions. It is only in a rhetorical and hostile sense that an English Ambassador at Peking can be called the Prime Minister of the EMPEROR. There may possibly be a risk of renewed war with the central Government, and, at present, occasional collisions take place with the rebels; but the House of Commons may be well assured that no English Minister will attempt to create a territorial dependency in China. As Mr. LAYARD said, there is no disposition to imitate the policy of Russia, which has lately expanded in the remote East for nine hundred miles along the coast. In endeavouring to create a little India of her own in Cochinchina, France is imitating a policy which England has definitively abandoned. The present state of affairs in China is sufficiently perplexing, and unfriendly critics can easily show that the commercial activity of England involves an anomalous interference with the affairs of a foreign country. Mr. CORDEN's plan of buying tea and silk, and of asking no further questions, would, if other things were equal, be in all respects preferable to a complicated mixture of diplomacy and military assistance; but it must be remembered that before purchases can be made there must be an accessible market, that the trading ports where tea and silk are procured were opened by means of successive wars, and that they would probably not be retained if all active exertions were wholly discontinued.

Like all Opposition speakers on Chinese affairs, Lord NAAS denounces the trade in opium as the original cause of the first war with China, and as the immediate consequence of the suppression of the Company's monopoly. The discussion of the subject could only be material if any party, in or out of Parliament, proposed to renew the exclusive license of the Company, or to prevent the Indian Government from sending opium to China. It may have been both immoral and imprudent to coerce the Chinese into commercial intercourse, and finally to compel the signature of a treaty within the walls of Peking. Nevertheless, the vast extension of the trade is exclusively attributable to the strong measures which have been adopted; and probably neither Lord NAAS nor Mr. CORDEN would be prepared to recur to the insignificant dealings of thirty years ago. It is, as Lord PALMERSTON argued, impossible to retire from China, or to subside into total inactivity. At present, the representatives of the civilized world act in that remote region with a harmony which is obviously dictated by common interests; but in the absence of an English Ambassador, the French, the Russians, and the Americans might be tempted to use their influence for the exclusive benefit of their respective countries. The common action of the Foreign Ministers forms a sufficient security against the attempt to establish an English sovereignty in China. Although Sir F. BRUCE has happily no DUPLEX or SUFFREN to oppose and to counterplot, his French colleague would certainly not assist him in any project for superseding the Chinese Government. The diplomatists at Peking appear to be unanimous in their desire to support the Imperial power, and their sincerity is best proved by their freedom from reciprocal jealousy. It is

possible that they may have been mistaken in the means which they have employed, and even in the selection of their immediate object; but it is undeniable that they wish to restore order, and to promote foreign commerce by increasing the prosperity of the population. The French priests may, perhaps, feel a special antipathy to the Taepings, on the ground that their confused reminiscences of Protestant doctrines have made them heretics before they have ceased to be heathens; but responsible laymen support the Government of Peking, in the belief that the re-establishment of the EMPEROR's authority would promote the restoration of order.

It may be perfectly true that the Chinese in the Imperial service are nearly as cruel as the rebels, and that, under their native generals, they are more cowardly. The sacred right of insurrection is, according to Lord NAAS, recognised by CONFUCIUS, or by other national sages, and even when philosophers are silent, rebellion often proves itself the most effective check on an oppressive despotism. Asiatic subjects of absolute masters may not unreasonably complain of European intruders who render a Government irresistible in fact, when it was before only irresponsible in theory. The Chinese, though they are, in ordinary circumstances, submissive, are by no means enthusiastically loyal. Some centuries of competitive examination have utterly annihilated all respect for every office except the Crown, which has hitherto not been awarded by marks to well-crammed students. Few reigns have been exempt from provincial insurrections, and piratical fleets have habitually harassed the coasts of the Empire with the tacit or passive approbation of the community. Lord NAAS plausibly remonstrates against any attempt on the part of English functionaries to interfere with the Constitutional Opposition which consists in the ravages and atrocities of the Taepings; and there is undoubtedly no sufficient reason for taking a part in the civil war, except as far as it may be necessary to protect English interests from immediate or contingent danger. All parties agree that Shanghai and the other ports opened by the treaty must be forcibly defended against aggression; and the radius of thirty miles, which has been tabooed or declared inviolable, has been fixed by the English and French Generals on the alleged ground of military necessity. The rule of neutrality is on all sides admitted, and the only remaining controversy relates to the numerous exceptions which have been introduced. As the English force has been largely diminished, it may be assumed that the Government has no intention of extending military operations in China. The support which has been tendered to the EMPEROR and to Prince KUNG takes the form of advice and facilities for the improvement of civil and military organization; and no reasonable objection can be offered to the employment of English civil servants by a foreign and friendly Government. It is more questionable whether military and naval officers should be encouraged to engage in the service of a semi-barbarous potentate. The English or Scotch admirals who created the naval power of Russia were merely private adventurers, and the English officer who is now an admiral in the Turkish navy has chosen his career on his own exclusive responsibility. The position of Captain SHERARD OSBORNE more nearly resembles the command of the Spanish Legion by Sir DE LACY EVANS under the direct authority of his own Government. If the Anglo-Chinese commander were unfortunately decapitated either by the Imperial authorities or by the rebels, it would be difficult to abstain from exacting retribution.

In certain stages of civilization, the most urgent national want is the need of foreign guides and rulers. The Turks, who are, perhaps, the best soldiers on the Continent of Europe, can find no honest or intelligent officers of their own to command them. The Chinese, forming the most vigorous and ingenious population of the East, have, by means of the

competitive system, eliminated every capable public servant from the ranks of the Mandarins. No Chinese prizeman can be trusted to collect the duties, or to take charge of an army or a fleet. Prince KUNG has applied the only available remedy to the prevailing evil of peculation by appointing an Englishman to the head of the Customs Department, and it is not surprising that he should look to the same nation for an admiral who will certainly not run away, and who will probably clear the seas from pirates. The adventurers, of no particular pedigree or country, who have lately organized a Chinese force, have the advantage of European or American descent, and consequently they are likely to be more than a match for the Taeping generals. The experiment, however, of employing foreign commanders who owe allegiance to no special Government is in the highest degree dangerous. English officers who retain, or hope to resume, their rank in their own army or navy, may be trusted to perform their engagements without ulterior designs; but Western filibusters are not unlikely to speculate on the possibility of carving out kingdoms for themselves. The English Ambassador can offer no objection to the employment of foreign officers by the Chinese Government, but it is highly expedient to avoid all responsibility for the acts of the mercenary leaders. For the present, there appears to be no risk of drifting into a Chinese war, either against the legitimate dynasty or against the rebels.

OFFICIAL DENIALS.

IN a case of genuine hard swearing, no one expects that any amount of cross-examination will lead to an early or a complete solution of the difficulty. The perjurer, whoever he is, is a very contemptible professor of his craft if he cannot contrive to baffle his pursuers for some time after a strong suspicion of his dishonesty has dawned upon their minds. It is no matter for surprise, therefore, if we are not yet at the end of the perplexing conflict of testimony between the various persons, official and non-official, whom the Emperor of the FRENCH has deigned to honour with his confidence. Whether there was or was not a communication between the EMPEROR and the Foreign Office, upon the subject of recognising the Confederacy, at some period which was not the autumn of last year, is still as moot a point as was once the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, or as still may be the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. The oracular utterances of the *Moniteur* do not help us very far. They deny nothing that Mr. ROEBUCK asserted; and, on the other hand, they tell nothing that the world did not know before Mr. ROEBUCK opened his mouth. Their chief object is to throw the blame or merit of initiating the interview upon the two English politicians. The EMPEROR seems to be genuinely eager for a recognition of the Confederacy. He clearly believes that it will stop the war; and the war is odious to him, because a mass of starving operatives does not suit his form of Government. Therefore he is eager to dissipate the impression that he has been conspiring with two English members of Parliament to force the hand of the English Ministry. Mr. ROEBUCK's maladroit mode of telling his story has given a fair colour for such an imputation; and, of course, the Federal advocates have made the most of it. And the EMPEROR knows very well that no possible suspicion would be more certain to turn the House of Commons against him. The bare idea that they had been deliberately circumvented was quite enough, on a very recent and memorable occasion, to countervail all the motives by which the mass of members are habitually guided. Not only the authority of all the party chiefs, but the name of the Sovereign herself, liberally invoked in private by the COLE-DILKIAN party, was utterly powerless against the bitter feeling of personal injury which was inspired by the suspicion that they had been made the victims of a secret conspiracy to force their votes. The EMPEROR appears to have taken the hint, and to have justly argued that, if the House of Commons resented a plot to influence them from their own leaders and their own Court, a foreign potentate making a similar attempt would fare badly at their hands.

But, beyond the anxiety of the EMPEROR to clear himself from the imputation of trying to circumvent the House, the *Moniteur* reveals little. Of the alleged communication to our Government at some period other than the November of last year, upon which the veracity of Mr. ROEBUCK's disclosures turns, it says not one word. As a natural consequence, it is equally silent concerning the indiscreet or treacherous garrulity of the Foreign Office in respect to that communication, which, according to Mr. ROEBUCK, the French EMPEROR vehemently resents. But then, on the other hand, it says nothing in refutation of those statements. What, in such a case, does silence mean? Does

it, in accordance with the proverb, give consent? Or does it convey a polite, but indirect, disavowal? When the Emperor of the FRENCH means to be mysterious, there is no man in Europe who is such an adept in the art. Though we suspect that, to the majority of minds, the suspicious silence of the *Moniteur* will imply a confirmation of Mr. ROEBUCK's narrative, still the statement is shrouded too skilfully, in that vague language which is the EMPEROR's peculiar accomplishment, to be pierced by the most eager scrutiny. The *Moniteur* is very open upon the subject of a "frank interchange of opinion." But that is precisely the subject concerning which the world does not care to hear. The opinions of the EMPEROR, and Mr. ROEBUCK, and Mr. LINDSAY are too well known to require any official revelations to confirm them. They are as notorious as the opinions of Mr. BRIGHT or General BUTLER. But upon facts the oracle is dumb. And the only question which is sufficiently doubtful to be interesting to the English public is, whether the assertion that the EMPEROR did, at some period other than the November of last year, send a proposal to our Foreign Office, which, instead of being answered, was indiscreetly revealed to Mr. SEWARD, be a fact or not.

Mr. LINDSAY's letter to *The Times* is valuable in placing upon record that which before was only matter of rumour. It is certain now that the assertions of Mr. ROEBUCK are the solemn testimony, not of one person, but of two. Great efforts have been made by the American organs in this country to discredit the witnesses, as having been dazzled and bewildered by the effulgence of the Imperial presence. But it is a presence to which Mr. LINDSAY, at least, is not unaccustomed; and men of less experience might be assumed to be capable of retaining their self-possession under the gaze of one whose purple was only the symbol of a dexterous conspiracy. There is no more likelihood of their having misunderstood the EMPEROR than there is of Lord RUSSELL's having misunderstood Baron GROS. Into the question of character, the two members of Parliament will probably have no reluctance to enter. If they had any witness of remarkable trustworthiness to outswear them, it might be necessary to assume that they were strangely unobservant or inexplicably false. But the only testimony which is at hand to pit against theirs is that of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the hero of the 2nd of December, of the declaration of Bordeaux, and of the Conference of Plombières, on the one hand, and that of Lord RUSSELL, the hero of the Vienna negotiation, on the other. It is more intelligible that the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty, or of English policy, should have prescribed some diplomatic "economy," than that two independent members of Parliament should have conspired, for no conceivable personal interest whatever, to invent a fiction which could only survive for a few days. This, at least, may be safely affirmed from our previous knowledge of the EMPEROR's character—that if Mr. ROEBUCK and Mr. LINDSAY had really played him any trick, no tenderness of heart would have restrained him from exposing them.

It is understood that Mr. LINDSAY has some species of record to show in his own justification. It is probable that the public will have to wait for further explanations until that document appears. In the meantime, they will be anxious to know something concerning that mysterious "sounding" of which the *Moniteur* speaks. Did the EMPEROR fulfil his promise to the two ambassadors-errant by directing Baron GROS to sound the English Ministry? If he did, some curious questions will arise as to the value of Ministerial denials; and the advantage of working the House of Commons by Under-Secretaries will be made plainly to appear. Lord RUSSELL plumply denied that any "communication" had been made to him by Baron GROS. If pressed, he might have explained that the phrase did not include unofficial communications; or he might not; or he might have said that it did not refer to other agents besides Baron GROS. At all events, the politeness of the House of Lords did not press him further. In the House of Commons, people are not so delicate; and Mr. LAYARD was pressed upon the subject of verbal communications. He was able to answer, no doubt with perfect truth, that, to the best of his knowledge, no such communications had taken place. But as he was probably in another room at the time when Lord RUSSELL was "sounded," if that non-descript process ever took place at all, his denial is not material. It, however, illustrates the advantage which may accrue to a Government from being represented in the House of Commons by Ministers who need not know the facts which it will be their duty to contradict.

It is clear enough that the note in the *Moniteur* was inserted to save, as much as possible, the credit of Lord RUSSELL, and to throw over Mr. ROEBUCK, as far as this might safely be done.

How was the EMPEROR persuaded to do so much for statesmen whom he manifestly does not love? Has he resigned himself to another winter of distress among the classes who are the chief prop of his throne? or have further indiscretions on his part been bought off by a promise speedily to entertain the question of recognition?

THE REVISION OF THE STATUTES.

THE Bill which has been read a second time in the House of Lords, for the repeal of unnecessary enactments, is itself an argument in favour of the reform which it is designed to introduce that scarcely needed the CHANCELLOR'S eloquence to enforce it. Pages upon pages of statutes, which after the most careful examination are found to be mere incumbrances on the Statute-book, tell their own story of confusion and disorder. Some thousands of enactments, utterly without value for any existing purpose, form a mass of dead law which could not have remained entangled with the real operative law of the land but for an amount of sluggish apathy, on the part both of lawyers and statesmen, which is to be paralleled in no other country in the world. The history of the rise and fall of legal enactments which is embodied in the schedule to this Act is a curious and by no means a useless study for those who are anxious to prevent the mischief, which is now costing so much effort in the cure, from being renewed and perpetuated by the continually increasing activity of the Legislature.

The dissolution of the human body is said by physiologists to be always brought about by one of two ultimate processes. The death of a statute may, it seems, take place in a greater variety of ways. Six of these modes are specified in the introductory note by which the Bill is prefaced, and every defunct statute enumerated in the schedule is duly classed under one of these heads of mortality. Some laws simply die of old age. Passed for a temporary purpose and a limited time, they silently drop out of existence, leaving their dry bones to cumber the Statute-book. The multitude of Continuance Acts—introduced, from time to time, to keep in force some enactment which was originally made temporary as a tentative measure, or with reference to a passing occasion—all belong to this class, and no one, we imagine, will complain that their useless remains are about to be cast out from the fellowship of living law. Another form of dissolution is very nearly analogous to that which we have just noticed. Some special emergency has, perhaps, called for legislative action to meet a transient difficulty, but one to which no precise limit of time could be assigned. Many such Acts have been passed, in terms, as permanent enactments; and when the occasion has passed away, and the law is spent, it remains nominally in force to provide for circumstances which can never recur. The illustration given by the draughtsmen of the Bill will convey a clearer notion of this class of dead statutes than any definition. In the reign of HENRY V., Wales was in a state of disorder consequent on a suppressed rebellion, and the national taste for litigation seems to have shown itself in a host of actions to recover damages for injuries inflicted in the course of the rebellion. Parliament probably seldom did a wiser thing than when it passed an Act to prohibit actions "for injuries sustained in the late rebellion;" but the prohibition was indefinite in its duration, and now, after the lapse of centuries, every lawyer duly purchases a copy of an enactment by which Welshmen are deprived of the privilege of seeking legal redress for injuries suffered in the days of HENRY of MONMOUTH. If this is a genuine sample, the spent statutes may well be allowed to pass away in the company of those which have more formally expired according to the express conditions of their existence. The third class which is enumerated ought to convey a wholesome warning to our legislators. When it is intended to consign an old law to destruction, it is of the last importance that the fact should be known. If a statute is a nuisance, and deserves summary execution, the name of the culprit, and the sentence of death or mutilation passed upon it, ought always to be specified with formal precision. But this is rather the exception than the rule of modern legislation, and the pernicious habit may be traced back to a very respectable antiquity. Some branch of law is intended to be remodelled. Parliament has no one to inform it what the existing law is; so the new Act is passed, and any clashing with the earlier policy is supposed to be avoided by the indolent contrivance of repealing "all Acts inconsistent with this Act," or "all Acts" on the specified subject. The consequence of this irregular slaughter is, that no one can tell without infinite trouble which of the old statutes are to be counted among the

victims, and the Statute-book accordingly became full of enactments of which few persons could say with certainty whether they were dead or alive. These indiscriminately repealed statutes form a large portion of the schedule of the new Bill, and it will be an immense relief, both to lawyers and those who have to consult lawyers, to find the majority of these doubtful existences subjected to a sort of *post mortem* examination, and pronounced veritably dead. This is one of the most valuable operations of the CHANCELLOR'S Bill. But it should not be forgotten that such wholesale repealing clauses as we have referred to have become more and more frequent as the complexity of the law increased. No retrospective Act will touch this growing mischief, which can only be dealt with by the establishment of a department whose duty it shall be to ascertain what the law is, and to mould every new statute with reference to it. One of the primary rules of such a department would undoubtedly be, never to allow any statutes to be repealed without distinctly specifying, by chapter and section, the scope of the repealing clause.

Another irregular mode of decease to which statute law is subject is still more common, and more embarrassing in its effects. The same ignorance or indolence which tempts legislators to introduce sweeping repealing clauses often leads them to omit such clauses altogether, and to leave their new enactments inferentially or virtually to obliterate the old rules on the subject, by introducing inconsistent provisions in their stead. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space, neither can two incompatible statutes be in force at the same time with reference to the same subject. Accordingly, another large mass of laws has been fairly shouldered out of existence by the force of inconsistent enactments which have occupied the same ground. This process of course supplies an interesting occupation for the acumen of the Bench, and leads perhaps to more embarrassment than any other of the many forms of carelessness which are indulged in by our law-makers. One of the most costly litigations of recent times—that relating to the British Bank—arose out of a doubt which had this origin. Parliament had passed an Act providing for the winding-up of insolvent companies by a process of bankruptcy. The Act had never been applied, and was probably forgotten when, a year or two later, a new mode of winding-up such undertakings in the Court of Chancery was established. When the British Bank collapsed, a fearful struggle ensued between rival administrators under these two different and scarcely compatible processes, and vast sums of money were spent in settling the knotty question, whether the second statute had or had not virtually repealed the first. In this particular instance, the Legislature has since interposed; but many similar doubts (fruitful in costs and admirable as an exercise of forensic skill) still remain to testify to the unconscious mischief which slovenly legislators can effect. Of course matters of real doubt are untouched by the present revision, which has been jealously limited to cases which did not admit of serious question. It is something, however, to get rid of all the statutes which can be safely described as virtually repealed, and for the rest we must wait until consolidation and rearrangement follow the preliminary expurgation which has first to be completed. A precisely analogous class of defunct statutes may be traced to a very similar defect in our methods of legislation. Again and again old law has been re-enacted in company with some new provisions, and Parliament has spared itself the trouble of sweeping away by an express repeal the enactments which it thus superseded. This practice has furnished another long list of subjects for the operation of the revising process which is now being applied, and again we must insist that the practice should be abandoned for the future if the evil now in process of removal is not to grow afresh with every Parliamentary Session.

It is satisfactory to come at last to a class of statutes which have lost their force by a process for which Parliament is not responsible. A law which is vigorous and thriving in one atmosphere and one age may often dwindle away, and at last expire, under the influence of new customs and the uncongenial atmosphere of an entirely different state of society. That an Act of Parliament should become obsolete implies no censure on those who passed it, and cannot even be laid to the charge of their successors. For example, it was no doubt a very salutary enactment in the days of EDWARD I., that Templars and Hospitallers should not usurp jurisdiction over matters cognizable in the KING'S Courts. But the only Templars now in existence are the last persons to diminish the authority of the Courts of Westminster, and the law has become obsolete by the extinction of the associations against which it was aimed. Being obsolete, it cannot too soon be expunged, with a host of

enactments similarly circumstanced, from what purports to be a collection of operative statutes. It is impossible to turn over the pages of the schedule of doomed Acts which is annexed to the Bill without being struck by the number and singularity of these obsolete laws. Acts to prevent "villeins from withdrawing their services under the pretext of exemptions from the "Book of Domesday," for the "forfeiture of cloths of London "not duly sealed," to compel "Lords and great men to put away maintainers of quarrels," and to furnish remedies "if a distress be impounded in a castle or fortress," are examples of a class of statutes which, whatever their historical and antiquarian interest, are out of place in the body of the statute law.

One grave consideration naturally suggests itself when it is proposed to repeal whole volumes of statutes at a single blow. How do we know that there has been no mistake—that no essential statute has slipped into the list? The best answer that can be given is that which the House of Lords accepted from the mouth of the CHANCELLOR. The work has been carefully done by able men, and anxiously watched by those under whose direction they have worked. It must be taken, in some measure, upon trust. But still it is competent to apply a test of considerable value. In order to invite and facilitate criticism, the reasons for including each statute in the black list are briefly given in the margin of the schedule, and it is competent for any one who has a special acquaintance with a particular branch of law to satisfy himself of the accuracy and judgment with which this part of the selection has been made. If there are blunders, some of them will surely be brought to light, probably in time to cure them in the first instance, or, at any rate, by an amendment so soon as the error may be detected. But, knowing how the work has been conducted, we do not anticipate any such necessity, and it is some evidence of the correctness of the present schedule that a precisely similar expurgation of another portion of the Statute-book was effected some years ago by the labours of the same staff, and has not yet been charged with a single mistake. The Bill may therefore be passed without appreciable risk, and with the certainty of removing the greater part of the obstacles which have so long impeded the digesting and consolidation of the Statute Law. When it is said that, after the passing of this measure, the whole Statute-book will have been cleared of worthless matter except for a single century, it will be understood that a comparatively short period of energetic work will complete the great undertaking of the Revision of the Statute-law. It is true that this will leave a still more formidable task to be performed in dealing with judge-made law; but we trust that there will be no delay in commencing the undertaking which Lord WESTBURY has proposed. It is not always that Parliament is disposed to give much encouragement to reforms of this character. In another Session some more absorbing topic may divert men's minds from a subject so little exciting as the revision of the law, and we may not always have a Chancellor able or willing to undertake and to carry through a task of so much importance and difficulty. If the whole subject is not dealt with now, it may be that some future Chancellor, a hundred years hence, will have to quote Lord WESTBURY's speech—as Lord WESTBURY has quoted his predecessor, BACON—with an expression of regret that so vivid a portraiture of the defects of the law should not have led to instant and energetic measures for its complete amendment. Whatever ingenious critics may suggest, the difficulty of purifying the Reports, though perhaps greater in degree, is not very different in kind from that which has been so nearly overcome in cleansing the Statute-book. Both projects in their turn have been pronounced impracticable; and we have no doubt the sweeping of the Augean stable was thought equally hopeless by the contemporaries of HERCULES. The revision of the law is the task of this generation; and, with Lord WESTBURY for a leader, there is no reason why the enterprise should not be carried so far towards completion as to ensure its ultimate success. This critical stage of progress has indeed almost been reached, so far as the statute law is concerned, and it is only the timidity which baffles all reform that will suggest a doubt as to the attainment of a like success in the yet more important part of the undertaking which still remains to be commenced. Years may elapse before the statutes shall be consolidated, or the law reduced to a consistent code; but it will be a grievous disappointment, to all who look for comprehensive reform, if the first energetic stride in this direction does not date from Lord WESTBURY's Chancellorship.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

IF general rumour may be trusted, the Russian Government has adopted the wise resolution of accepting, in substance, the comparatively harmless proposals of England, France, and Austria. The decision may have been accelerated by the announcement that the insurgents will reject the offers of the mediating Powers. The Secret Committee, which has justified, by the obedience which it exacts, the title of National Government, cannot even enter into negotiations without disclosing the mystery which constitutes a principal part of its force. The foreign intervention on which the hopes of the insurgents rest may probably be averted by the Russian acceptance of the joint proposals, but it would be finally rendered impossible by the termination of the war. The Poles of the Kingdom could not honourably or prudently make terms with the enemy while their outlying countrymen are engaged in a desperate struggle for objects which the mediating Powers have never officially recognised. The long interval which has elapsed since the partition of 1772 seems to have had no effect in cooling the patriotism of the genuine Poles in the provinces annexed to the Empire; and even Austrian subjects in Galicia, after ninety years of annexation, renounce their secure position to join in the desperate conflict with the Russian oppressors in Volhynia. The expedition of WYSOCKI was entirely organized in Austrian territory, in spite of the exertions of the authorities, and notwithstanding the ill-will of the disloyal peasantry. Insurgents who are so thoroughly in earnest have a right to the sympathy and assistance of their allies who may happen to fall within the purview of the Treaty of Vienna. It is not for a representative Constitution, for a national administration, or for toleration to be extended to the national Church, that all Poles worthy of the name are now in arms. Their chivalrous attempt to re-establish their lost independence is the best proof of their fitness for liberty, and the institutions which trained the ancestors of such a race cannot, with all their defects, have been wholly evil. Mournful experience has taught the Poles the necessity of raising the condition of the poorer classes, and the expediency of creating a central and stable Government; and it is to their credit that, while they are ready to reform the abuses which led to their ruin, they still retain their ancient belief in freedom, and their readiness to defend it by arms. In recent times, several political communities have displayed heroic qualities in resisting the power of alien Governments, but no insurgents have undertaken so difficult a task as the attempt of an unarmed minority to shake off the yoke of Russia.

The Hungarian leaders of 1848 disposed of a large regular army; they occupied all the fortresses in the kingdom; and they were supported by the mass of the population. The Italians were enabled to drive out the Austrians by the aid of a powerful French army. The American Confederacy consisted of sovereign States, fully organized for peace or war, and at the commencement of their struggle there was scarcely a hostile soldier within their borders. The Poles rose singly, or in petty bands, against their foreign tyrants, and they have never yet been able to draw together in numbers which could entitle their force to the name of an army. Nevertheless, the Russians appear thus far to have achieved no decisive success. In all parts of ancient Poland the insurrection is raging, and the French partisan, General DE ROCHEBRUNE, has lately appeared at the head of a considerable band on the eastern bank of the Pruth, in the remote province of Bessarabia. He is probably followed by gallant Polish adventurers who have kept their arms and their hatred of Russia from rusting in the service of Turkey; and if the Russian forces have been withdrawn from the Moldavian frontier to reinforce the garrison of the Kingdom of Poland, it is not impossible that General DE ROCHEBRUNE and his followers may effect a troublesome diversion. In still more distant regions, new troubles are occupying the attention of Russian generals and statesmen. The insurrection which has broken out on the Southern slopes of the Caucasus is, perhaps, not unconnected with the great movement which commenced at Warsaw. Polish troops have been largely employed in the Circassian wars, and probably in the occupation of Georgia. It is not improbable that some of their leaders may have promoted the Georgian revolt, and the Poles have undoubtedly emissaries among the unconquered Circassian tribes. It is said that the Tartars, who have hitherto adhered to Russian sovereignty, have now joined the insurgents, and in any case an additional civil war will strain the resources of the Empire. If it is true that ALEXANDER II. is becoming prematurely indolent and averse to business, there must be a risk of domestic revolution as well as of the revolt of conquered terri-

tories. The Russian Government has, in short, every motive for conciliating the European Powers, while the Poles will see in the difficulties of their enemy their own best opportunity.

The approaching debate in the House of Commons will probably afford them little encouragement. The gallant exploits of the insurgents, and the brutality of MOURAVIEFF, and of Russian functionaries in general, will have added warmth to the sympathy which has been universally felt for the Polish cause; yet the country fully agrees with its representatives in Parliament, that the struggle, however just and heroic, imposes on England no duty of offering armed assistance. The Government has certainly no intention of going to war, nor is it likely that popular enthusiasm will urge it forward beyond its purpose. Lord RUSSELL has officially declared that the efforts of the English Government will be exclusively diplomatic, and Lord PALMERSTON, while he prudently abstains from giving pledges which might weaken the effect of his remonstrances, will offer Mr. HENNESSY no hope of engaging England in the Polish struggle. The excuse for peace is found in the absence of any necessity for incurring the cost and the responsibility of war. It is not enough that a quarrel should be just, unless it concerns a bystander in his interest or in his honour; and the English Government, after acquiescing for ninety years in the first partition, and for seventy years in the second, necessarily confines its demands to the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna. If any cause of war exists, it has been condoned by long-continued inaction, nor can a revolt entail on a foreign Power the duty of interference. The war of 1854 offered a legitimate opportunity for reopening the Polish question. A belligerent is not restricted either to any particular ground of dispute or to any method of injuring his antagonist; and it would have been lawful, and perhaps advantageous, to encourage an insurrection in Poland at the moment when Russia was crippled by the Crimean campaign. As the allied Governments, however, deliberately refused to extend the limits of the war, it would be at least inconsistent to disturb the peace of Europe because the Poles, who would formerly have risen on the smallest encouragement from England, have at last been driven into resistance. The position of a neutral when he sympathizes with a combatant whom he declines to assist, is not perhaps altogether dignified or satisfactory; but he subjects himself to unfriendly criticism, not by his prudent abstinence from action, but by the useless expression of his feelings. On the whole, it is perhaps impossible for English opinion to conceal itself, and its organs must be content to endure the censure of more cautious or more thorough-going partisans. French politicians are already loud in the denunciation of the selfish timidity of England. As they forcibly argue, the Russian Government will care little for diplomatic pressure, unless there is an ulterior probability of material interference. The nation which goes to war for ideas naturally despises the phlegmatic neighbour which at least makes few quixotic professions. When a French army is actually disembarked in Poland, Englishmen must be content to bear a certain amount of complacent ridicule; but until the contingency has occurred, it may perhaps be prudent to abstain from invidious national comparisons. The policy of France is perfectly free, but it will not be allowed to regulate the conduct of England. Even if some confidential agent should be authorized to announce in the debate the wishes and purposes of the EMPEROR, the House of Commons will still confine its attention to the modest claims and definite duties of the English Government. In this country, there is, happily, no mysterious potentate to observe, as M. PARADOL's dog watched the hand of his master. Any careful observer can foretell the conduct of the Government if he has first ascertained the general bent of public opinion and the consequent disposition of Parliament. Notwithstanding Lord PALMERSTON's judicious reticence, Europe may be well assured that, whether the six points are accepted or refused, there will be no present rupture between England and Russia.

ABOLITIONIST HUMANITY.

THE prominence which Anti-slavery declamation has taken in the pending debate may be accepted as an indication that the Federal advocates are near to the end of their resources. They have not hitherto paraded it much in the House of Commons. It has been reserved for the more congenial atmosphere of platforms and Dissenting pulpits. But as the arguments which relied upon the certainty of a speedy Federal victory are beginning to lose their value even in the eyes of the most inveterate partisans, it has become necessary to fall back upon the more sentimental positions which no

news that the telegraph can bring will affect, and which would be just as available were Washington captured as they are now. Accordingly, some very old friends of our youth are making their appearance again. All the stock Anti-slavery arguments which did such good service half a century ago, and all the well-selected anecdotes which procured so much aristocratic society for Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, are being furbished up for use at this crisis. It must be admitted that, if the Federals of America were half as energetic as the Federals of England, matters would not be so bad as they are now on the banks of the Potomac. It is but little service that the English Yankee can do to the cause which his brethren over the water have marred by incompetence and corruption; but what little is in his power he does with all his might. Highly-coloured pictures of the cruelties of slavery may help to defer for a short period the inevitable recognition; and therefore the colours are laid on with a reckless hand. Logically, the wickedness of slavery is of no more use for the purpose of proving that the South has not made itself an independent nation, than the fact that a baby squints would prove that it had not been born. But as this style of reasoning appears to commend itself to Mr. FORSTER and Mr. BRIGHT, it may be worth while to examine it a little further. In a case of this kind, comparisons, though odious, are material. When we are asked to decide against one of two combatants on the ground of his peculiar wickedness, it is not out of place to take a brief survey of the moral deserts of the other. If it is open to England to use her discretion in the matter of recognition as an instrument for favouring one side or the other, she is bound to ask which can really show the best title to be considered the champion of humanity.

The horrors of which slavery is capable are not to be disguised. Where there is absolute power, there will sometimes be cruelty, and there will often be lawless lust. Such things as we are told of may happen, for the mere pecuniary self-interest of a master is no secure counterpoise to human passion. We will not consider the qualifications that may be pleaded. We will not ask how far the anecdotes of the BEECHER STOWE type are exceptional; nor will we open the question whether the Southern slave, on the average, does not pass a happier span of life than the English peasant, or, still more, than his own cousins in Ashantee. We prefer to assume the slavery of the Southern States to be as bad as the most reckless worshippers of the New England democracy have painted it. But the point that the Abolitionists have invited us to consider is whether, making that assumption to the full, the friend of humanity should pray for the success of Southern or of Northern arms. We all know the extent of the evil that will be the consequence of a Southern triumph. It may be summed up in the one word—slavery. The Confederates desire to impose no despotism upon others of their own race. Except for the purpose of self-defence, they seek to destroy no human life, no atom of property, nor to constrain a single white man's will. But their victory undoubtedly involves the perpetuation of slavery from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, until the growth of opinion or the increase of population shall have brought it to its natural end.

But what would a Northern triumph bring? We have seen, during the last two years, what a Northerner's idea of waging war for empire is. He is not satisfied, as in modern times invaders have generally been, with conquering armies in the field, and exacting contributions from the provinces he overruns. His heroic model has more in it of the GENGHIS KHAN than of the WELLINGTON. He makes war, not to conquer, but to ravage. The libidinous excesses of TURCHIN, the greedy cruelty of BUTLER, the cold-blooded ferocity of M'NEIL, may perhaps be regarded as the eccentricities of very particular villains, though their crimes have called down upon them no chastisement from the philanthropic crusaders of Washington. But ravage, far beyond the harsh usages of war, has been the instrument of warfare practised by every Federal force, except under General M'LELLAN in every part of their vast field of operations. It is not the vagary of any solitary commander. It is part of the system on which they all act. They make a practice of burning down unarmed and undefended cities, of destroying for years the fertility of the districts within their reach, and of destroying all the costliest implements of productive industry. One man burns Jackson in Mississippi. Another burns Jacksonville in Florida. A third burns Darien in Georgia. A fourth lays a country as large as Scotland under water. A fifth makes a special raid to destroy cotton gins. A sixth—General BLENKER—enriches the language with a new word formed out of his own name, to express the extreme of barbarous and wanton plunder. The attempt to block up Charleston Harbour, which has only escaped eternal

infamy by its signal failure, was an effort of the same character, and indicated the same spirit. If, therefore, the war only abides by the principles upon which it has proceeded hitherto, its aim will be to sap the prosperity and impoverish the inhabitants of the Southern States for generations to come. But recent events have lent to it a new colour. Repeated defeats have convinced the North that conquest by military success has become desperate. They have conceived a new hope. Contrasted with that of the South, their supply of men, assuming that the men will fight, is boundless. They calculate that, comparing their population and their immigration with that which is at the disposal of the South, they can afford to lose such battles as those of Chickahominy, and Cedar Mountain, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, year after year, and that their loss can be supplied, while the loss of the South will be irreparable. In other words, they count upon the South being in time "exhausted." Gallantly as the men fight, their number is limited, and they must be killed off at last. At this game of exchanging pieces, if the North loses three men to every one lost by the South, the North wins in the long run. Such are the calculations in which, with the candour of perfect shamelessness, Yankees on both sides of the Atlantic are indulging. They hope to conquer the South, not by defeat, but by depopulation. Across the desolation of an exterminating war, across the slaughter of the greater part of the arm-bearing population of the South, and across the utter ruin which their destruction brings with it to wives and children, and all who are dependent on them, the Yankees think they see their way to a restoration of the empire of which they have dreamed. These are the champions of humanity.

It is nothing to the purpose that this devilish dream of slaughter is not likely to be fulfilled. The plan of wearing out the South, by sending out army after army for them to mow down, is very satisfactory to the Christian enthusiasts who bid them go and be killed, and to the contractors who supply them with the material to do it comfortably; but it is less attractive to those who are to be mowed down. The yeomen of Indiana, and Ohio, and Pennsylvania do not sympathize with this new plan of campaigning, and are expressing their discontent in the most effective manner. But the crime of the conception is not the less deep because its execution is impracticable. The bloodthirsty Christians who would butcher two white men that one negro may be free will be spared the remorse of seeing their fanatical aspirations gratified; but they will not thereby shake off the guilt of having conceived a scheme of slaughter unexampled in modern times, or of having blasphemously invoked in its behalf the sympathies of humanity and the sanction of a God of peace.

THE FORTIFICATION VOTE.

THERE is a serious, though perhaps unavoidable, inconvenience about the plan adopted for providing funds to carry out the fortification project of the Commissioners of 1860. In the first instance, the whole scheme was virtually sanctioned by an almost unanimous decision; but, as an instalment only of the money was authorized to be raised, the undertaking is liable at any moment to be interrupted by a capricious vote, which would render all the past expenditure absolutely useless. When the *Monitor* performed her first and last achievement, she very nearly demolished defences vastly more formidable than those which baffled her on the James River. The House of Commons jumped at once to the conclusion that harbour forts were useless, and that Yankee *Monitors* were the only defences in which it was prudent to invest. It was only by the judicious tactics of the Minister that a final repudiation of all that had been determined on in the way of fortification was averted; and we believe that, in deference to the momentary revulsion of feeling, a very large part of the proposals of the Commission was postponed *sine die*, and a considerable expense incurred by the temporary suspension of the remaining works. Precisely the same course has now been attempted as to the land-defences. No one will question the competency of Parliament to reopen the whole discussion every year when an instalment is asked for; and if the opportunity is used with discretion, it may be made the means of suggesting such modifications from time to time as the progress of engineering and gunnery science may require. But even Sir F. SMITH and Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE must acknowledge that to conduct a tedious and expensive work on principles which are to be radically changed in each successive year would be about the most costly and ineffective policy that Parliament could adopt. Fortunately, there is not much in the

present state of knowledge on the subject to suggest doubts as to the prudence of the course on which the country has entered; but, with the recollection that we only narrowly escaped the substitution of cupola-ships for solid forts on the strength of a single American engagement, it is impossible not to feel some alarm as to the possible caprices which may, sooner or later, undo all that has been done at no inconsiderable sacrifice.

On the question raised by his amendment, Sir F. SMITH effectually answered himself. He objected to the land defences, first, because no enemy would ever land, and no defence at all was wanted; secondly, because we had so small an army that we could not spare a garrison; thirdly, because our forces (including Volunteers) were so overwhelming that we could crush any invading force without the assistance of permanent fortifications; and he ended by suggesting that field-works should be constructed to keep off the imaginary enemy who would never show his face. If Sir F. SMITH—who either is, or ought to be, an authority on the subject—found fault with the design as ill-conceived, in a military sense, he would have a right to claim a hearing; but when he only repeats predictions like those of Mr. COBDEN, that we shall never be attacked, his special experience as an engineer officer is no guarantee for the soundness of an expectation which is at variance with the judgment not only of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, but of most of the ablest officers of our army. The House of Commons showed by its vote that it was not at all disposed to stake the safety of the country on the prudent forbearance of neighbouring Powers; and, with all its wavering on other points, we have no fear of the fortifications being stopped in deference to the peculiar views of Mr. COBDEN and Sir F. SMITH. But it seems that a much more critical discussion is still threatened by Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE. We are to be treated once more to a revival of the ship and fort controversy under circumstances certainly less favourable to the opponents of fortification than those which so nearly defeated the enterprise a year ago.

We are not at all disposed to rest the justification of the scheme for the defence of Portsmouth upon any fanatical preference for fixed over floating batteries, and it is perhaps rather unfortunate that the defenders of the project seem disposed to place their whole reliance on the result of the attack on Charleston. It is no doubt quite true that the repulse of the Federal fleet is more than an answer to the now exploded arguments derived from the presumed success of the American model iron-clad. But it is dangerous to dwell so exclusively upon the issue of isolated combats. If the American war continues much longer, it is quite possible that in some future battle the ships will get the better of the forts, and even now there remains one triumphant achievement of this kind, which may well be set off against the total failure in Charleston Harbour. There will be no security for a steady prosecution of the defences of our dockyards on any consistent plan so long as the work is liable to be interrupted whenever the House of Commons begins to fear that the proposed defences may not be absolutely impregnable. Those who look soberly at the whole question acknowledge that neither the existing scheme nor any other—neither iron forts nor iron ships—can make a successful attack a physical impossibility. All that is practicable is to increase, by every aid that science can give, the obstacles to an enemy's approach, and for the rest we must trust to the energy and resource which would doubtless be forthcoming on the day of trial. It would be as reasonable to disband an army because it is conceivable that it might be destroyed by superior force, as to abandon the defence of the dockyards because ingenious critics can imagine a hostile fleet of sufficient strength, and favoured by sufficient luck, to break through the fiercest barrier of fire which could be opposed to their passage. While the world is at work improving the means both of attack and defence so rapidly that the experience of one year is almost useless for the next, it is idle to expect any plan of fortification to be an absolutely perfect defence, and all that can be rationally required is that the methods employed should be the most effectual that experience and science can suggest.

In contending for a sober estimate of what it is possible to do in the way of defence, we do not wish to underrate the evidence which has been accumulating in favour of fixed batteries. If the encounter with the forts below New Orleans seemed to prove the impossibility of stopping ships bent on forcing a passage, the defence of Charleston has shown the feasibility of protecting a harbour against a very formidable fleet. What the two engagements, considered together, really do establish is the immense value of booms and similar obstructions in aid of a system of harbour defences. Until a very great change

is made in the relative power of guns and targets, no ship will be able to lie long under the concentrated fire of a first-class fort. Of late the penetrating power of artillery has appeared to improve more rapidly than the defensive strength of ships; and what is more important, the guns show fewer signs of approaching the ultimate limit than the ships. Once manage to stop the progress of a fleet, if it is only for half an hour, and such forts as are projected at Spithead and the Needles passage may be trusted to give a good account of it. On the other hand, it remains yet to be proved that any batteries, however strong, can prevent a hostile fleet from running past, under favourable circumstances, with more or less damage. This is, at any rate, the present state of the problem, and without venturing on predictions it may fairly be said that there are no indications as yet that these conditions are likely to be varied. It is remarkable too, that notwithstanding the successive changes which have again and again remodelled both ships and guns, their relative position has scarcely fluctuated. No fort has ever been able to ensure the destruction of a fleet with a clear channel before it. No fleet hampered by obstructions has ever been able to withstand a respectable fortification. This was so when wooden sailing ships engaged batteries of 32-pounders. It appears to be equally true when iron-clad steamers are pitted against the heaviest Whitworth or Armstrong guns. The rule which has held through so many vicissitudes may not improbably continue to hold for the future; and the lesson taught, not merely by the battle of Charleston, but by all experience, is that the one almost certain way of making a harbour secure against attack is to clog the entrance with obstructions, and keep an enemy under a concentrated fire which neither wood nor iron can withstand for more than a limited time.

So ancient and obvious a resource was of course considered by the Commissioners on whose recommendations the present scheme of defence was adopted; and they seem not to have abandoned the idea without great reluctance. With or without this additional assistance, the forts will be equally necessary, if not equally effective, and it must be admitted that those who advocate this project are not doing anything to hinder the progress of the work already commenced. To block the approaches to Portsmouth with permanent piles or breakwaters is of course out of the question; but it may be worth consideration whether some partial and removable obstructions might not be practicable at Spithead, without interfering too much with its accessibility to our own ships. If one could rely on the accuracy of hearsay statements which have been repeated in the House of Commons, the contrivance which sufficed to ensure the discomfiture of the Federal attack on Charleston consisted of nothing more than a network of rope, capable of being easily laid down and removed, even in a channel as broad as Spithead. That the ropes were used with effect was stated in all the accounts of the Charleston engagement, but the impression conveyed by the more detailed narratives was that the serious obstacles were of a much more substantial kind. Some remains of the old stone fleet must greatly have narrowed the deep channel, and it was certainly stated at the time that almost the entire breadth was closed by a barrier of piles or booms. The deep channel too, though nearly 2,000 yards wide immediately between the forts, is, we believe, not more than half that breadth at the point where the Federal gunboats were battered to pieces, and the supposed parallel between the harbours of Charleston and Portsmouth is therefore by no means so close as has been represented. It is possible, however, that some plan may be devised by which, without rendering the anchorage useless to ourselves, the entrance to Spithead might on occasion be sufficiently obstructed to detain an enemy's fleet for the very moderate time that would be required to effect its demolition. If this idea could be worked out in practice, there is no doubt that every gun in the proposed forts would be worth more than a dozen in front of an open channel; and though the difficulties are certainly formidable, it would not appear, from the evidence taken by the Fortification Commission, that they are absolutely insuperable. If the debate which Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE has provoked should lead to a further examination of this important point, it will prove more serviceable than could have been expected.

AMERICA.

GENERAL LEE has evidently collected so great an army that he can afford large detachments for service in the North, while he, at the same time, awaits or anticipates the attack of HOOKER. The unexpected brilliancy and completeness of EWELL's victory at Winchester can only be attributed to

MILBOT's cowardice and incapacity; but General LEE had probably ascertained, before he broke up from his quarters on the Rappahannock, that no serious resistance was to be apprehended between the head of the Shenandoah Valley and the centre of Pennsylvania. The Confederates now occupy the entire western slope of the chain of hills which bears, on the south of the Potomac, the name of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and their advance threatens Washington, Baltimore, and the railway which connects the two cities. It appears incredible that General LEE should divide his army for the purpose of crossing the Potomac below Alexandria, with 30,000 men, under the fire of the Federal gunboats. The next accounts will probably clear up the mystery of his intentions, and perhaps a decisive battle will have been fought. As long as HOOKER's army is intact, General LEE can attain no entirely decisive success. A Confederate victory would not only facilitate his future movements, but it would confirm the despondency which already prevails in the army of the Potomac. The bravest soldiers become dispirited by an uninterrupted succession of defeats, especially when their misfortunes are caused by the incompetence of a commander. General M'CLELLAN almost redeemed the failures of his Virginian campaign by the advantage which he obtained, by dint of superior numbers, in the battle of Antietam; and General HOOKER will deserve well of his country if he can secure, in the impending conflict, a result which any narrator but himself can represent as a victory. His admirers would prefer, even to the language of his blustering proclamations, a success which would force the Southern invaders to retrace their steps to the south of the Potomac. The Republicans are aware that not only the result of the war, but the predominance of their party, is at stake in the present campaign. Their opponents, in the meantime, watch the course of events with disinterested calmness, as they are prepared to welcome the triumph either of the Federal arms or of their own principles. General LEE is probably more popular at New York than General HOOKER or Mr. LINCOLN; but Democrats would vie with Republicans in their enthusiasm, in the unexpected event of a Federal victory.

Modest observers of the great Transatlantic struggle are every day more fully convinced that there is considerable justice in the taunting assertion that "it is impossible for Englishmen to understand American affairs." It seemed unlikely that the Confederate army would invade the Federal States, at the risk of stirring up the patriotism of the North and of rousing the entire population to arms. General LEE, however, appears to have formed a more accurate judgment of the disposition of his adversaries. When a small detachment of his forces entered Pennsylvania, the Federal Government summoned out 120,000 men, and the Governor of the invaded State appealed for support both to his own fellow-citizens and to the authorities of New Jersey and New York. The Democratic Governor of New Jersey responded to the invitation by despatching a few regiments into Pennsylvania; but, as soon as it was evident that the Confederates had crossed the Potomac in force, the New Jersey troops were recalled and disbanded, on the singular ground that the emergency which rendered their services necessary had passed over. It seems that, while by the Constitution of New Jersey the militia can only be required to serve beyond the State frontier for sixty days, the Governor of Pennsylvania required his auxiliaries to muster into the United States service for six months. Both parties were apparently satisfied that the difficulty should be solved by the withdrawal of the reinforcements at the moment when it might have been supposed that their presence was most urgently required. Fifteen militia regiments, forwarded by New York, appear to have expected a friendly welcome from the State which they came to protect, but the smart citizens of Harrisburg regarded their volunteer allies as sea-side lodging-house keepers look on autumn visitors from London. The enemy might plunder Pennsylvania; but a certain set-off could be secured beforehand by plundering the prosperous-looking privates of the fashionable Seventh New York regiment. It will not be surprising if some constitutional or political reason is discovered for shortening the stay of the New York contingent in a country which is at the same time inhospitable and dangerous. The State capital of Harrisburg, with 25,000 inhabitants, has furnished sixty volunteers to repel the Southern invasion. Greater vigour, however, is displayed at the great manufacturing arsenal of Pittsburgh, which would appear to lie, for the present, beyond the range of General LEE's operations. The conduct of the Pennsylvanians in general curiously confirms the popular estimate of their character. Like other Americans, they are,

perhaps, personally brave; but the traditions of the State seem to exclude that peculiar susceptibility which, in other countries, produces a sense of honour. On the eve of the secession, the State vote for the Presidency was bartered with the Republicans for a protective tariff, and as soon as the Southern members retired from Congress, the bargain was completed by the passage of the Morrill Bill, before any steps were taken for reclaiming the truants. At Bull Run, the regiments which coolly marched away from the battle were on their way to Pennsylvania, and, on one later occasion at least, troops from the same State have deliberately refused to fight in the presence of the enemy. The present apathy of the people perhaps results from calculation, but it is not improbable that it is increased by a certain sympathy for the Southern cause. Except in questions of protective duties, the State has generally been Democratic, and it has more than once indicated its dissatisfaction with the Federal administration. If General LEE can dispose of the main army under General HOOKER, he has little to fear from the militia or volunteers in his front.

The immediate results of the principal campaign will only exceed in importance the operations which may take place in other parts of the wide field of action. If it is true that LEE has received large reinforcements from the army of Tennessee, General ROSENCRANZ may be tempted to emerge from the long inaction which has followed the battle of Murfreesborough. It is possible, however, that he may himself have been weakened by sending troops to the aid of GRANT, and he must be prepared to resist a formidable attack if JOHNSTONE succeeds in relieving Vicksburg. The siege, at the date of the latest accounts, had already lasted for six weeks, and the Confederate General had enjoyed ample time to collect any troops which could be made available for his enterprise. The Federals boast that the defences of GRANT's position in the rear are as strong as the works of the fortress itself; and their commander, whose opinion is entitled to greater weight, shows, by his perseverance in the siege, that he hopes to reduce the place, and that he is confident of repelling JOHNSTONE's army. The enterprise will, whatever may be the result, have involved heavy loss to the besiegers; but their sacrifices would be repaid if they gained possession of Vicksburg. The simultaneous attack on Port Hudson appears not to proceed hopefully, as two general assaults on the works have been repelled with heavy loss. It is not improbable that General BANKS may shortly find it expedient to abandon the siege for the purpose of securing his retreat to New Orleans. Among the civilian generals of the war he has almost alone displayed ability and vigour.

When the debate in the House of Commons is resumed on Monday next, the advocates of immediate recognition will find no additional arguments in the tidings from America. The very crisis of the war is scarcely the fittest time for assuming that it is virtually at an end. No Englishman can conjecture the probable effect either of defeat or victory on the popular mind. Facts, however stubborn, become strangely pliable when they are converted into arguments. The capture of Washington would furnish reasons for peace, and, perhaps, stronger reasons for war. Conversely, the occupation of Vicksburg might be represented either as a guarantee of ultimate triumph or as a sufficient satisfaction to the offended dignity of the Union. It is true that, if either expediency or duty required that the Confederacy should be recognised, the tendency of public opinion in the Northern States would be a matter of secondary interest; but at present, the only serious argument in favour of recognition is derived from the supposed probability that it might accelerate the termination of the war. Even if independence had been finally and completely achieved, foreign Governments would be entitled to consult their own convenience in choosing their time for acknowledging a notorious fact. As a subtle and famous preacher once observed, "that a thing is true is no reason for saying it;" and diplomatists have a better right than ordinary men to abstain, at their discretion, from the enunciation of the most indisputable propositions. If the belligerents in America conclude a peace within a reasonable time, the recognition of the South by foreign Powers will be a simple form, which can involve no umbrage even to the susceptibilities of the United States. In the opposite alternative of a chronic and hopeless war, it will become necessary to anticipate the slow conviction of the Federal Government, for the same reasons which induced all Europe to regard the United Provinces of Holland as independent, notwithstanding the obstinate claim of sovereignty which was maintained by Spain for eighty years after the first revolt.

For the immediate guidance of statesmen, it is sufficient to urge that there is no hurry, and that neither gain nor honour is to be got by precipitate action. The Northern Americans will finally admit the proved impossibility of conquering the seceding States; and it is better that, if possible, they should not be provided with any pretext for attributing their own failure to extraneous causes. Mr. SEWARD has often attempted to show that the rebellion first owed its consistency and importance to the early concession of belligerent rights by England and France. If recognition ultimately precedes the conclusion of peace, the assertion that the disruption of the Union was caused by the malignant influence of England will be incorporated among the stereotyped fictions of American history to the end of time. The most startling telegraphic despatches which can possibly arrive before Monday evening will certainly not show that the war is at an end, and still less can they prove that the English Government ought, at its own risk, to publish the inferences which may be drawn from the fortunes of the campaign.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Government of the day, whenever it gets into a scrape on any matter which involves a principle, flies, as a matter of course, to PONTIUS PILATE's celebrated question, for which he never waited for an answer. That distinguished Procurator only wanted to shirk his proper responsibility when he asked—What is truth? So, when Mr. COWPER and Mr. GLADSTONE ask—What is taste? they should be told that the question is entirely irrelevant. Tastes may differ, or there may be no standard of moral or artistic truth; but PONTIUS PILATE should not have put One to death merely to please the people, and officials connected with our public buildings are not to be allowed to ask questions when their business is to give an account of their own doings. All that Mr. COWPER could answer Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE on Tuesday night was, that the Government was obliged to listen to *dilettanti* and men of taste, and that the Board of Works ought to be strengthened instead of weakened. Mr. COCHRANE might have answered, as indeed he did, that it would not be weakening the Board to make its head a permanent officer, independent of political changes and the fate of Cabinets. The real issue is this. How comes it that, speaking generally, all our public works are bad, while all our private architectural achievements, taking the same latitude of expression, are fair, if not good? Mr. COWPER ought to know that this is what tends to withdraw confidence from official management. If all the ships built in private yards were successes, and if all the vessels built in Government yards rotted in half-a-dozen years, the fact would be a charge against the Admiralty. If all the guns turned out of Woolwich were failures, the WAR SECRETARY would have to answer for it, at least in days which have produced an ARMSTRONG, a WHITWORTH, and a London Armoury Company. So is it with public works. Technically, it may be true that the Board of Works has not the responsibility for the present condition of Burlington House. We are not prepared to say who is, or was, responsible for Buckingham Palace. It has been asked, but never answered, who is accountable for leasing the site of the Riding School to Sir MORTON PETO. It is not our business to say; but it is our concern to point to the facts.

This is not an age in which it can be said that we are living over again the days of NASH and WYATT. If Regent Street and the Regent's Park were now to be laid out, Lord PALMERSTON and Lord GRANVILLE are probably the only two men in England who would dilate on the capabilities of stucco for artistic effects. There is hardly a parish in England which has not a new or a restored church, or a new school, to show, built on universally accepted principles, and in obedience to certain fundamental canons of taste. London, Manchester, and Liverpool, and every large town in England, have either warehouses, or town-halls, or sumptuous bridges, or artistic suburbs, the creation of the last five-and-twenty years, every one of which, though in various degrees, is a legitimate, solid, and successful building. No doubt there is affectation here and there; there is plagiarism, there is hunting a good idea to death, there is cant; but it is almost as impossible to find a thoroughly bad building erected by private hands now, as it was to find a good one erected either by public or private hands fifty years ago. In other words, propriety and correct feeling in art, good taste, and good management mark nearly all our private buildings, while bad management is the peculiar privilege of the Board of Works. Mr. COWPER must have been, as he soon is, at his wit's end to remark that the Board of Works in 1863 must be an admirable office because Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS built Somerset House.

It may be quite true that the suggestion of a permanent headship of a permanent Board, represented by a talking Minister, after the French fashion, is un-English; but when Mr. COWPER goes on to say that it must fail here because it has failed in France, he seems to forget that the conditions of the problem are not identical, and that a House of Commons is not a Parisian Chamber. But we are not bound to say more than Mr. COCHRANE said:—"Our public buildings are very unsatisfactory, and the Board of Works might be better constituted 'and better worked.'"

Mr. COWPER allows the past to go by default, but fights manfully for the present. He says that, since 1851, the constitution of the Board has been perfect, its working unassailable by the most malignant criticism, and, consequently, that our public buildings have been managed, for at least the last twelve years, in the most satisfactory way. Well, we point to the state of Burlington House, and we ask whether it was intended to give up that noble site to Volunteer drill and to the occasional meetings of two or three literary and scientific societies. Mr. COWPER's answer would be that his department is not responsible. Then we quote the perennial dispute and wrangle between the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, in which each waits for the other to go, and in which neither will do more than combine to obstruct the Government, which is only too glad to be obstructed. Mr. COWPER refers us to another Board, another office, another public department. If we venture to say that the South Kensington sheds, the boilers and the dish-covers, would never have come into existence by the aid of private funds, or of private taste, Mr. COWPER will say that the Commissioners of this date, or the Parliamentary Committee of that, or the conflict of jurisdiction between the Board of Works and the Treasury, or the Board of Works and the Board of Green Cloth, or the Board of Works and some other Institution, Potentate, or Authority, visible or invisible, were in fault, but not the Board of Works pure and simple. But this is just what Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE says. The works and buildings are public works, and public buildings. Either the Board of Works is responsible, or it is not; if it is not, it ought to be. A Parliamentary paper tells us that since 1848, or within three years of the epoch when, according to Mr. COWPER, the era of the perfect and complete development of the Board of Works began, we have spent more than two millions and a quarter of public money, and all that we have got for that money is the glorious building, the Brompton Boilers. We have, says Mr. COWPER, the Post Office, which is a building to be proud of. It may be a creditable building, but it was built before 1851, and since 1851 the Board of Works has contrived to spoil its only good feature, the Central Hall, by running up sheds in the intercolumniation. Bad as Mr. WILKINS' National Gallery was, Mr. COWPER, and the Board of Works, and Captain FOWKE have also contrived—and this also since 1851—to make that bad very much worse by destroying its solitary good feature, the Central Hall and staircase. The site of Trafalgar Square was one of the successes of the age of NASH, which Mr. COWPER abandons to the reviling of the men of taste; but the present fountains have been, at an enormous expense, erected since 1851, and since 1851 the dilapidations of the asphalt pavement have been consummated. It is, we think, since 1851 that the Duke of WELLINGTON died, and his Monument has been ordered, but not even begun. Since 1851, the Cœur de Lion statue has been erected—that baseless fabric of what is certainly something more substantial than a vision, with either the purpose or the result of destroying the scale of all the buildings of Old Palace Yard, including the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Since 1851, the Nelson Monument has continued to await the completed studies of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. Since 1851, the British Museum, which was built only for the sake of a show portico, has had that show portico filled with sheds and glass cases which would discredit Wardour Street itself. Since 1851, Mr. PENNETHORNE has exhausted himself by the spasmodic effort to construct one-fourth of the very ugliest Gothic structure that the world ever saw, and, having collapsed at the sight of its own ugliness, a large site acquired at an enormous expense for a Public Record Office between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane has continued to contain one-fourth of a quadrangle, an inchoate tower, and several generations of putrescent cats and dogs. Since 1851, the new Law Courts have been talked about; but those beautiful structures in which Themis sweats and sweats, called the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S Courts at Lincoln's Inn, have been built at the public cost. And all these public monuments have been erected within those very twelve years which have seen more noble

churches, more sumptuous town halls, more costly street architecture, erected not only in London, but in the provincial capitals, than during the last three centuries of English life. Mr. COWPER may have adroitly shifted the question of responsibility, but he has not faced the facts. He has appealed to the performances of his Board, and we have recounted those performances.

THE PLAIN STYLE.

THERE is a phrase, heard so often that we should be well content never to hear it again, which condenses truth of expression into "calling a spade a spade"—a form so comprehensive with some people as to exhaust the subject, and leave nothing more to be said. Persons who call a spade a spade are supposed to be not only more honest, but deeper, than their neighbours; and even those who like that sort of thing, and despise fine periods and complex thought, come in for some credit. So that, as a good many people, for one reason or another, think it a spirited thing to do, we might suppose not only plain speaking, but the art of plain writing, to be pretty well understood in our time. We do not say "style," and we ought not to have said "art," for there are people who dispute whether there is such a thing as style, and art is supposed to be something shuffling and disingenuous—a process for varnishing over the native truth and simplicity of thought. Little as we agree with these heresies, small faith as we have in the shallow popular short cut to accuracy and honesty, we still think that a real want and literary deficiency of our day may be indicated by them. We believe there are influences at work now which act against the formation of style in its more marked and imposing sense, as a pure, exact, characteristic vehicle of thought, and especially against the emphatic truth-telling style which calls everything by its right name.

We have, indeed, a few writers with the construction of whose sentences we are familiar. We know at once who wrote them, which is a necessary condition of a style. But even where they write well, it is often rather by their mannerisms than by the rhythm and march of their periods that we detect them. It is a difficulty at the very outset of this subject that style is almost inseparable from thought. Thus, when we recognise Mr. Thackeray by his style, it is often the old thought, the old tone of cynicism, or humour, or pathos, which we recognise. If his thoughts ran in a new line, we should not find him out so instantly. But besides this, there is a measure and order in his sentences, a refined fitness in his choice of words, which constitutes style in a good sense. The same may be said of Sir Bulwer Lytton—the same of our best journalists. They write in what is called classical English. Their meaning is not only clearly expressed, not only propitiated us by the way in which it is expressed, but it is also characteristic of the writer. We recognise in every one we can call a writer an inseparable partnership between thought and expression. No one can tell whether the time is spent in working out the thought, or in clothing it in fitting language—not even the author himself; we only know that nothing is pleasant reading without it. A clear thinker, for example, has commonly an idiomatic turn of expression, because the idiom of a language can alone neatly and exactly fit ideas conceived in it. This fitting language and idiomatic turn we grant to our best writers. But not the less are we disposed to think that weight and authority are wanting in the writing of our time. A great many people can write creditably and intelligently, leaving little room for criticism; but we have not many who say what they have to say so forcibly, expressing strength of conviction in a diction of such power and command, as to compel attention, and carry the reader irresistibly along. We recall no living style that, like some clear harmonious voice, holds its own, let who will speak, because it is accustomed to be obeyed, and to which our will adapts itself with pleased docility. In a word, we miss that style which puts facts and thoughts before the ordinary reader, at little labour to himself, in their strongest, most obvious light, and in a way to make a vivid and memorable impression. And the reason may be our boasted modern activity of thought. Active thought means progressive thought, where no opinions are allowed to take root undisturbed and in silence, and to gain strength from mere length of tenure. Crude thought can never be well expressed; and our writers, as a body, do not think the same thing long enough to acquire the gift of expressing it thoroughly. In poetry, we are ready to acknowledge that thought and feeling must have a brooding time—time to make a home, to become a habit—before they can declare themselves in living harmonious numbers; and it is really the same in prose, wherever prose takes the rank of composition, and consults force and harmony of arrangement. The examples of a forcible style that occur to us mostly belong to an age when people thought deliberately—when the growth of ideas was not continuously interfered with from without—when liberality was not much in fashion—when men saw their own side a good deal more clearly than their opponents', and were thoroughly possessed by it. This steady, firm growth of conviction is the groundwork of that style, which—when it was the fashion to discuss composition, and the subject had a nomenclature—was called the Plain Style. It is indispensable to a good style of every kind that a man should have something of his own to say. It is equally essential to the plain forcible style that he should have held his opinion for a good while together, that that opinion should have affinity with the common sense of mankind, and that he should have reached

maturity both of thought and age in pretty much the same way of viewing things. It gives scope to every variety of genius, but all who succeed in it must resemble each other in a certain stability and independence of mind, and a sturdy originality, whether in a wide or narrow field. The restlessness and movement of modern thought does not foster such a character. Most would-be forcible writing, with us, is a spurious imitation. Thus, borrowed convictions are apt to express themselves with ultra-arrogance of decision, just because they are not a man's own—as the most dictatorial and positive in conversation are those who speak after some authority, on which, for a time, they have implicitly pinned their faith. But where a writer is forcible on other men's conclusions, there is sure to peep out an offensive assumption, a discrepancy between the speaker and his pretensions, that excites rebellion or ridicule, as the case may be. Strong language, unsupported by weight of thought, is something like the occasional prank of Nature in accommodating a very ordinary mind with a visage after the austere Roman model. The helpless intelligence cannot people such a mansion, and cowers out of sight. The features go their own way, and the result is the wooden hardness of outline of a carved walking-stick or a gargoyle.

And there is something offensive, not only in expressing forcibly—or rather positively, for real force is not to be had for the asking—what is borrowed, but the conclusions a writer has just arrived at. Thus, no one would care for a young man to start as an author in this style; nor do we want from him the same concentration on the matter in hand. No man can write well without some degree of fancy and imagination, which in youth must have its way, and find play in ornament, metaphor, or discursiveness of some kind. In weighty and mature writers there is not the absence of this fire, but a keeping it under for higher purposes. They are simply engrossed, to the exclusion of digressions and vagaries of thought, starting with a clear knowledge of what they have to say, and holding with a firm grip to their subject. Attention to the measure and cadence of a sentence is by this time a habit, but mere decoration is a bygone taste. They know that a simile seldom leaves a writer quite at the precise point of his subject where it found him, and would rather forego anything than their hold of the reader; so they accept of no illustration that does not recommend itself rather by its homely fitness than its beauty.

We meet now and then with rules of composition by the masters of this style, which seem at least to prove that forcible simplicity is the result of study and intention as well as happy clearness of brain; while all shams and imitations of the true nervous vigour—the expedients of self-convicted feebleness straining after the impressive—find no mercy at their hands.

In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.
To statesmen would you give a wiper
You print it in *Italic* type;
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in capitals exspect
The dullest reader smokes the jest.

Swift's rule, obvious as it seems, fully and sufficiently describes this, and no other:—"Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style." Locke, who was pronounced a great master of the Plain Style, when people talked and wrote about these things, gives his recipe, so to say, to an opponent. "Your lordship adds," he writes to the Bishop of Worcester, "*But now, it seems, nothing is intelligible but what suits with the new way of ideas.*" My lord, the new way of ideas and the old way of speaking intelligibly was always, and ever will be, the same; and, if I may take the liberty to declare my sense of it, herein it consists:—

1. That a man use no words, but such as he makes the signs of certain determined objects of his mind in thinking, which he can make known to another.
2. Next, that he use the same word steadily for the sign of the same immediate object of his mind in thinking.
3. That he join those words together in propositions, according to the grammatical rules of that language he speaks in.
4. That he unite those sentences in a coherent discourse." In his capacity of abstract thinker he declares himself indifferent to effect. He thinks his word *sounds* better than the proposed substitute, but he "will not contend, having no antipathy to any articulate sound." It is all very well for a metaphysician to say so, but the ear has its antipathies; and happily our language has that wealth of choice that a man can always express his meaning exactly, and give us pleasure in the process. This Dryden could do, who wrote in this, the only style fit for a poet who is indeed a poet, and not a rhetorician in rhyme. He applied the same terse, condensed, accurate force of expression, which his admirable ear could not fail to make sounding and harmonious, to subjects congenial to his genius. And here is the merit of this concise, simple style, above all others—that it least shows marks of age. Whether in prose or verse, it is made to last. Every one knows the praise of Shakspeare which Johnson has incorporated into his preface; and all his criticism has the same stamp of authority and judgment. No detached passage can give a fair idea of this, but take his remarks on the drama of his time—he might, indeed, be defining his own:—"Your lordship knows some modern tragedies, which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains that they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extrava-

gances with delight. They are a sort of stately fastian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail." Or take the simile with which he illustrates the delicacies of refined satire:—"A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said to his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband."

Perhaps in his own practical line, Sydney Smith is one of the best modern examples; and the telling, clenching effect of his bold sentences in every controversy he took part in, is still in men's memories. He, too, had his rules of art, though given informally enough. "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written: you have no idea what vigour it will give your style." In the same tone, involving the same principle, we find him writing to a correspondent:—"Jeffrey has been here with his adjectives, which always travel with him." Adjectives might be all very well for some people, but he knew they were not in his line, and, in fact, he could do very well without them. In another place we find him apologizing, as it were, for his own decision. "I write positively, to avoid the long and circuitous language of diffidence"—words which might, at first sight, seem to go against true strength of language being an indication of strength of conviction; but he is really distinguishing between faith in his own conclusions and self-conceit, which is indeed incompatible with a plain, clear, convincing tone, and results from a man's being possessed by his subject, and not by himself. Thus, in the instances that most naturally suggest themselves of this style, we find the writer, for conciseness sake, stating his conclusions alone, and not the mental processes and steps by which they are reached, which necessarily involve much self-history—dear to the author, and important and interesting to the reader, as these often are.

Weight of style can only come of weight of thought; but, once found, it can be put to as many and various uses as an elephant's trunk. Especially, it is invaluable in a master's hand in giving that air of mock stability to any freak of fancy which is one of the charms of humour. When Gulliver has related to the Captain who picked him up at sea his adventures at Brobdingnag, we are told—"He was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said he hoped when we returned to England I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were overstocked already with books of travel—that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts."

And again, where a writer's facts or strain of thought run counter to our judgment, and even taste of extravagance or illusion, still, if he expresses them with a grave deliberate force which carried conviction when he wrote them—for no man can write in this way without not only being worthy of credit, but secure of receiving it—he compels from us more than sympathy for himself; he demands reconsideration for his opinion. We always feel this when subjects which we are used to hear the theme of vague declamation and loose assertion are differently handled. Banyan, whose style, where it does not rise to poetry, is of the kind under discussion, describes a state of mind which in these days we should dismiss as nervous depression, but which was to him a profound literal experience. What an example of precise narrative! "About this time," says his autobiography, "I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case. I told him also that I was afraid I had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost. He told me that he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but cold comfort. But, talking a little more with him, I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the Devil." We may smile, but yet not without a misgiving, and the remembrance that we live in a Sadducean age.

There is a redundancy and hurry of thought which cannot express itself in this deliberate form without loss of inspiration. There is in some sentences a linked sweetness for which terseness and emphasis would be an ill exchange—there are ideas that must be elaborated, and which inevitably involve digressions. This plain style is not the choicest expression of the choicest minds; but it is the form of expression which conveys the thought of the time with most effect to the multitude of readers, and which it is an inestimable benefit to any cause to enlist in its service. A man who has got something to say, though it be confusedly put together, will be read once. If he is read oftener, he owes it to some felicity of execution. No one reads a work again unless led on by the style, which in its perfection has the arresting and enchainning power of music, and compels the reader to go on at whatever page he opens. Whoever can so order his sentences has a work to do in the world. Perhaps not many have the power in any age—certainly not many in our own.

DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.

WHETHER the contemplated union of the Ionian Islands with the Greek Kingdom is likely to be for the good of those who are most nearly concerned is a matter on which there may very fairly be two opinions. It is difficult to find two people

agreeing as to any one fact in that part of the world, and when by any chance a fact is agreed upon, it is often easy to make two deductions from it. Most people would agree that the Islands are, as far as what is called "material prosperity" goes, better off than the Kingdom. But even this fact may be used two ways. It is easy to say, How much the Islands will lose by union with a country which lags so far behind them as continental Greece! But it is equally easy to say, How much Greece will gain by union with provinces which may serve, in so many respects, as models for the rest of the Kingdom! But whether the cession be wise or not, its bitterest opponents will probably allow that it may as well take place at once, if nothing better can be said against it than what was said by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in the House of Lords. Apart from its illustrations, his main argument comes to this, that the Islands and the Kingdom have not, for some centuries past, been under a common government, and that, therefore, it is dangerous to put them under a common government now. Of course this sort of reasoning may be made to tell against anything. It might especially serve to prove how wrong it is to unite Milan and Palermo under a common government after being disunited for a longer time than continental and insular Greece. The argument is not good for much, still it is an argument as far as it goes. It does show that the union will be attended with certain difficulties; it does not show that those difficulties may not be overcome, or that they may not be outweighed by manifest advantages. Still, stripped of the illustrations, the argument is as good as most partisan arguments; it is, at all events, more to the point than Lord Derby's piece of mythical geography, with which, we may remark, he did not favour the long-suffering Peers a third time. But Lord Stratford's general argument is backed up by a sketch of the history of the islands, which is full of such queer statements of history that our first impression on reading it in *The Times* was, that a leading article must have strayed bodily into the Parliamentary Report, and must have jostled Lord Stratford's real speech out of its place. The needless show of learning, concealing utter ignorance at the bottom, is what we have long been familiar with in certain quarters, but what we should hardly have expected from one who has had so large a share in fixing the destinies of Eastern Europe. The history of the Ionian Islands is certainly not a very attractive subject at any time, and of all parts of history it is one of the hardest to remember. The thing which has most deeply fixed itself in our own mind is that there was once a princess of Cephallenia who called herself "Francisca, Dei gratia, Vassillissa Romeorum"—a jumble of Greek and Latin which is hardly surpassed by anything even among the productions of the Byzantine mint. This curious fact was not mentioned by Lord Stratford. We do not know that it would have proved much if he had mentioned it, but it would, at least, have proved as much as some of the things which he did say, and it would have had the decided advantage over them of being true.

We, then, quite absolve the world in general from any obligation to master the difficulties of Leucadian and Cephallenian history. We can even conceive that a man may make an admirable ambassador at Constantinople without mastering them. But if a man undertakes to enlighten the Peers of England, or anybody else, on matters which are generally so very little known, we are not asking anything unfair in expecting that he should get them up beforehand. Lord Stratford has, at the outside, got up a date or two about Corfu, and then fancied that whatever was true of Corfu must be true of the other islands also:—

"I knew that for four centuries anterior to the period at which they were introduced into the Ionian Republic, these islands were under the government of Venice, and that the manners, the laws, and all but the religion of the State were introduced into them."

Now, granting the complete importation of Venetian manners and laws, which Lord Stratford seems to assert, yet the exception of religion, in a part of the world where religion and nationality are so closely connected, is not an unimportant one. But let us look to the chronology. "For four centuries anterior to the period"—that is, we believe, in English, "before the time"—"when they were formed into the Ionian Republic, these islands were under the government of Venice." This "they all knew." Now, begging Lord Stratford's pardon, we, at least, know nothing of the kind. Lord Stratford's "four centuries" are rather like Louis Napoleon's "thousand years" during which the Pope has been a temporal sovereign. The "four centuries" may pass as regards Corfu, but not as regards the other islands. Corfu was a Venetian possession for rather more than "four centuries," namely, from 1386 to 1797, but Zacynthus was acquired only in 1482, Cephallenia in 1499, and Leucadia in 1684, while the Venetian possession of Cerigo was interrupted by a Turkish occupation, and its final recovery dates only from 1718. So much for Lord Stratford's "four centuries." On the other hand, if he chose to reckon merely temporary occupations, he might have gone back much further, as Cephallenia, though soon lost again, is said to have been actually held by Venice for a short time in the thirteenth century. Moreover, if Venetian occupation produces such important results in the islands, what is to be said about those possessions on the mainland some of which were held by Venice for a long time, but which Lord Stratford sees with perfect equanimity in the hands, some of Turks, and some of Greeks?

When Lord Stratford goes back into earlier times, he is just as unlucky:—

"The peoples of the several islands formed separate States, and were never mixed up, except by wars and rivalries, with the inhabitants of the Greek continent."

How, one might ask, were the inhabitants of the Greek continent commonly mixed up with one another, except by wars and rivalries? Lord Stratford talks as if the Greek continent formed one State, while seven insular States lay by the side of it, with one or other of which it was commonly at war. The truth of course is that all Greece, continental and insular, though made up of distinct States, formed one political system, and peace and war between two islands, or between an island and a continental State, was an event of just the same character as peace or war between two continental States. But if Lord Stratford means that all the seven islands formed separate States, and that none of them were ever connected with any part of the continent except by wars and rivalries, he is utterly mistaken. Cythera was for centuries, not a separate State, but an integral part of the Lacedæmonian territory; indeed, we know it in ancient history in no other character since the half mythical times when it stood in the like relation to Argos. Coreyra and Zacynthus again were at various times "mixed up" with Athens, not "by wars and rivalries," but by the closest alliance. Cephallenia was, at one time, an integral portion of the League of Ætolia, and Leucas was the actual capital of the League of Acarnania. So much for the islands never being mixed up with the continent, except by wars and rivalries.

Then, again:—

"It was true that they had their origin from Corinth, and that was all. They were often opposed in war to the country which gave them birth."

Here, again, Lord Stratford had got hold of the history of Coreyra, and turns it into a history of all the seven islands. It is perfectly true that Coreyra had its origin from Corinth, and equally true that Coreyra was often opposed in war to the country, or rather city, which gave it birth. But it is true of Coreyra only. That all the islands "had their origin from Corinth;" that there was some one "country" (Corinth, or any other) which "gave birth" to all of them, and that they were, as a body, "often opposed in war" to that country, is all pure fiction. Leucadia was a Corinthian colony as well as Coreyra; but then Leucadia was not "often opposed in war to the country which gave it birth." Cephallenia, Zacynthus, and Cythera were not Corinthian colonies at all, and were certainly not more commonly engaged in war than other Grecian States; indeed, Cythera, in the nature of things, could not be engaged in war on its own account at all.

Once more:—

"They were at all times separate, except when under the Macedonian, Roman, or Byzantine rule."

We leave Lord Stratford to draw what line he pleases between "Roman" and "Byzantine" rule; we are just now more concerned for the Macedonians. Lord Stratford evidently believes that there was a time when there was a "Macedonian rule" over all Greece in the same sense that there afterwards undoubtedly was a "Roman rule," and that all the islands were united under such Macedonian rule. Now, this involves a thorough misunderstanding of the nature of the Macedonian supremacy in Greece. That supremacy did not imply that the several States lost their independence in the way that they did when Greece became a Roman province. Under Philip and Alexander, though Macedonian influence doubtless extended over the islands as well as over the rest of Greece, the islands remained "separate" just as much as before. In the wars of the Successors and of the Leagues, both Coreyra and others of the islands were occasionally visited by Macedonian troops, and Zacynthus was for some years an actual Macedonian possession under the last Philip. But that there was any moment when the whole seven islands were united "under Macedonian rule" is purely a delusion of Lord Stratford.

Lord Stratford tries throughout to make a distinction between continental Greece as a whole and Septinsular Greece as a whole, which history does not bear out in any age. Greece, continental and insular alike, forms a whole, of which Coreyra and Cephallenia are among the component units, just as much as Thebes and Argos are. The islands were "separate," just as much, and no more, as the cities of the mainland were "separate." The fate both of the islands and of the mainland has been ever fluctuating, and the whole has never been united except under imperial bondage. But the seven islands have never been more disunited than the rest of the country. Insular and continental States alike have sometimes been quite independent, sometimes united in federations, sometimes subject to Macedonians, Romans, Franks, Turks, or Venetians. The Venetians long held many points on the mainland, and the Turks held Leucadia for a long, and Cerigo for a short, time. If there were Frank Dukes of Athens and Princes of Achaia, there were also Frank Counts Palatine of Cephallenia. Lord Stratford would seem to imply that, at least from 1382 to 1787, continental Greece formed one whole under the Turk, and Septinsular Greece another whole under the Venetian. When Leucadia was Turkish, and Argos Venetian, things were rather different—much more so when Venice held all Peloponnesus.

The unpractical and inconsistent character of Lord Stratford's argument is highly amusing. Lord Stratford tells us that he had a hand in the foundation of the Kingdom of Greece, and that he does not regret his share in it. But, according to his own showing, he must have committed a great error. If Corinth and Corfu

cannot be safely put under one government, because they were at war with each other two thousand years back, how can Lord Stratford justify himself for having helped to put Athens and Sparta under one government? If it would be wrong to unite the Islands under a common Greek government because they formed independent republics two thousand years back, it must have been equally wrong to unite them under a common Venetian or English government, or to form any union among them at all. Lord Stratford, to be consistent, ought to object to any Greek Kingdom, to any Septinsular Republic, to any common British Protectorate. He ought, on his own showing, to stand up for the absolute independence of every Greek city, alike Septinsular and Continental. If his arguments from ancient history prove anything at all, this is certainly what they do prove.

Lord Stratford's arguments, then, are simply unpractical. His illustrations from ancient history do not bear on the case, because the great mass of the facts are completely misunderstood, and the two or three which he has got hold of are completely misapplied. Arguments from ancient history are not necessarily unpractical; but to make them otherwise requires, in the first instance, a thorough knowledge of the facts of the case. This Lord Stratford clearly does not possess. Perhaps he is not bound to possess it, but he was bound to acquire it before he began to talk publicly on the subject. His practical experience of all Turkish and Greek matters gives him a right to be attentively heard whenever he speaks from the results of that experience; but alas! it teaches him no more than another man about King Philip of Macedonia and Countess Frances of Cephallenia. Had Lord Stratford been content to keep to that branch of the subject which he understands, he need not have proved to the world how little knowledge of the past history of South-Eastern Europe is necessary to enable a man to discharge through several critical years the functions of British Ambassador at Constantinople, and of general bear-leader to the Grand Turk.

FASHIONABLE SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.

ABOUT May or June, if country cousins are to be believed, a distressing ailment makes its appearance among the select throng which calls itself the fashionable world of London. The delicate mechanism of the human eye undergoes a periodical derangement. What may be the precise nature and seat of this ocular malady we must leave the faculty to determine. The symptoms, to a casual observer, resemble those of intermittent ophthalmia, or, perhaps, still more, those of colour-blindness. For want of a more technical term, let us call it person-blindness. The retina on which all external forms and shapes are usually imprinted with equal distinctness becomes suddenly incapacitated for reflecting a whole class of persons. Suppose, for instance, that a male patient, young and handsome, and exquisitely gloved and booted, is taking a canter down Rotten Row, or lounging over the rails where Privilege, inclining itself at an obtuse angle, pays an easy afternoon homage to its fair friends. The chief features of the surrounding scenery will remain unmistakably visible to him. Neither the Duke's statue, nor Gibraltar, nor the Serpentine, is clouded by a temporary eclipse. Nor is the sufferer's power of recognising certain persons impaired. He can discern at a glance the reigning beauty of the day, as she flashes by in her well-appointed barouche. He can single out of the well-dressed crowd his own fashionable associates. But only let his eye light on some familiar countenance, glowing with a fine fresh colour, and redolent of buttercups and hay fields, and all becomes a blank. There is a sudden collapse of the visual organs. The eye which just now sparkled with intelligence has lost all speculation, and kindles with none of the tokens of recognition:—

So thick a drop serene hath quenched its orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled.

Probably that countenance belonged to some nice gushing young lady with whom he has danced and flirted at a country ball, or to some good fellow with whom he has ridden, and cricketed, and sung comic songs, but whose notions on dress are yet in their infancy. In either case, it will become suffused with a flush of mortification at being so coolly ignored. It is never pleasant to be reminded of one's own insignificance, whether by the crushing sublimity of an Alpine solitude or the equally crushing sublimity of a London dandy—particularly when, within a certain radius of a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner, you are endowed with a personality which cannot be overlooked. The English country parish is usually a sort of miniature Japan, with its lay emperor, the squire, and its spiritual emperor, the rector, and to belong to the family of either magnate, the parochial Tycoon or Mikado, is apt to breed in the mind a self-important habit of thinking. The young people from the Hall or Rectory feel, therefore, a peculiar disgust when their cousin in the Guards or Circumlocution Office passes them in the Park with the same impassive stare with which he surveys the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens. They feel, moreover, a stinging consciousness of looking very foolish; for at sight of the well-known features they have probably been betrayed into a smile, or gesture of recognition, which fails to elicit any response. It is always bad economy to waste one's sweetness on the desert air, but there is something particularly aggravating in being detected nodding into infinite space.

The way in which people behave when suddenly consigned to oblivion by the defective eyesight of their fashionable

friends is very characteristic. One man undergoes the operation of being "cut" with the utmost fortitude. Another perceptibly winces and writhes under it. A third is philosophically indifferent. A good-natured person can never be brought to believe that his fine friend ever saw him. Some intervening body must have crossed the line of sight at the critical moment. There was a carriage, or a tree, or a bonnet in the way—otherwise they would have sprung into each other's arms. A suspicious temper, on the contrary, makes no allowance whatever. He will not give an acquaintance, whose short-sight is glaring and notorious, the benefit of a reasonable doubt. Absence of mind is a mere pretext for an intentional slight. A body in motion in a state of reverie is an absurdity. No one ever looks the other way without a cause. He argues, *ab homine*, that any one whom he can see can or ought to see him. This mistaken idea makes him a most sensitive and exacting acquaintance. Whether the periodical blindness which snaps so many promising friendships be real or assumed, must remain a moot point, to be determined, in each case, by circumstances. But granting that it is sometimes a sham, there is much that the votary of fashion might urge in extenuation of his apparently heartless conduct. Talleyrand held that speech was given to man to conceal thought. The fashionable theory of the gift of sight is analogous—that it has been bestowed to enable one to avoid seeing objectionable people. Dowdies have no right to expect notice from the gilded youth of England, in full Park or Opera assembled. They are, to all intents, intruders and trespassers on another's domain. They cannot claim recognition, because they fail to come up to the required standard of qualifications. Every profession has a standard, which all who seek admission must reach. A clergyman must be able to point to a degree; a doctor, to his diploma; a schoolmaster, to his certificate. Even a clerk in the Customs must give conclusive proof of his fitness for the post by decanting to the Civil Service Examiners about the configuration of Polynesia. The portals of a fashionable career are no less jealously guarded. The scrutiny which each young aspirant undergoes differs in kind from those to which reference has been made, but it is no less rigorous. The first requisite is to be decently good-looking. This qualification, however, as well as the succeeding ones, is only necessary where the more solid gifts of fortune are wanting. A gorilla, with a long rentroll and a prospective coronet, would soon find all his shortcomings amply condoned. The second requisite is to have cultivated, easy, and assured manners—manners which indicate, not the sort of courage that wins the Victoria Cross at the gates of Delhi, but the courage that is wanted to stare down all comers, to confront dowagers, to lead cotillions, and to do all that may become a man in cleaving a path through a wedge of human shoulders for panting beauty, clamorous for champagne and lobster-salad. The third requisite is to be well dressed. This is a point of the highest moment. Many young men damage themselves hopelessly by going to an incapable tailor. A tailor is said to be but a fraction of a man. He has his revenge in the knowledge of the many men whose fortunes he makes or mars. It is to be hoped that all who ply the needle and wield the shears are duly sensible of the awful responsibility that is lodged in their hands. To any among them of a philosophic turn of mind it must be a thought full of pathos, that in fitting a coat, or cutting a pair of continuations, they are really shaping the destiny of a fellow-mortal. If from carelessness, or invincible ignorance, or paltry motives of economy, you persist in having recourse to a second-rate artist—if, in a moment of aberration, you are mad enough to encase your nether limbs in the ample folds of the "Sydenham trouser"—the act will be justly regarded by all right-minded persons in fashionable society as one of deliberate suicide, and will promptly be visited with a decree of ostracism. Lastly, it is necessary to be seen at certain houses. In Belgravia, more than in any other sphere, knowledge is power. To know Lady A. is to be able to go to Mrs. B.'s ball and Lady C.'s concert. Conversely, not to know the first of those ladies is to reap none of the social advantages which would result from an acquaintance with the other two. Such, then, being the conditions on which alone any fellowship with the world of fashion can be claimed, it follows that no one, not duly qualified in these four particulars, has a right to expect even the smallest of its favours—a passing bow of recognition. Country visitors with the aroma of rusticity pervading their whole persons ought cheerfully to acquiesce in their own extinction. If they were wise, they would realize the fact that they are a blot and a stain upon a brilliant pageant, a discord in the midst of harmony. No one doubts they are very good people in their way, but good people are liable to be sadly misplaced, and it is not moral or intellectual excellence that is in demand in the Park on a June or July afternoon, but a combination of good looks and elegant dress with that indescribable air of nonchalance which marks a youth whom society delights to spoil.

After all, the motive of a "cut" is much more often the fear of being bored than anything else. Between town and country there is a deeply rooted antagonism of ideas. From time immemorial there has been a city mouse and a country mouse, between whose tastes there is no accord. In the country, all is simple, natural, and Arcadian. Every one lives under his own vine or fig-tree. Among the women, gossip and good works reign supreme. A little excitement goes a great way. What this person had on at the county ball, and with whom she flirted, what Ensign Jones said to Miss Smith at the archery meeting when her arrow hit the

bull's-eye, in what bonnet the great lady of the place attended Divine worship—whether the red one with the ostrich plumes, or the green one with the marabout feathers—these are the topics which crop up at intervals not devoted to meteorological observations. Man devotes his energies to the more dignified employment of rearing pigs, squabbling with his neighbours, and striking awe into the breast of poachers and vagrants by oracular utterances at petty sessions. In the country, in a word, the pulse of existence beats from year's end to year's end with quiet, measured, monotonous strokes. In town, it is different. In the density of population all individuality is, as it were, swallowed up and effaced. No one notices the colour of a bonnet, when he is looking all day long through a kaleidoscope in which one bonnet chases another out of view. In town, too, life rushes on at a speed and with a directness which is simply bewildering to country cousins, and upon which they necessarily operate as a drag-chain. They are like visitors pitchforked into some vast manufactory, and deafened and confused by the whirring of wheels and the scream of machinery. But the pale inmates, injured by long habit to the ceaseless roar, go about their appointed work with perfect steadiness and self-possession. With equal coolness the Londoner pursues his object, whether business or pleasure, in the midst of a thousand distractions, undisturbed by the surrounding din, and compressing into the space of one week more experience of life than a rustic acquires in ten. But there is one disadvantage in this high-pressure system of living. It makes him morbidly susceptible of being bored. To be captured by some inveterate button-holder—to have to listen with a civil smile to a prosy narrative in which he feels not a particle of interest, about people and places for whom he does not care one pin—this he regards as the greatest infliction to which he can possibly be subjected. And the tormentor not unfrequently appears in the shape of a country friend. When, therefore, he turns on his heel, or looks the other way as the aforesaid friend approaches, it is only fair to believe that he is not acting from pride or disdain, or a desire to be exclusive, but only from an uncontrollable impulse to escape a bore. He is turning, not from a man and a brother, but from anecdotes about the rural police, and drainage and subsoils, and all the instructive but unexciting annals of the farmyard. There are people who insist, when you meet, on taking up the thread of their life and yours at the exact point at which it was dropped at your last encounter. They want to know all that you have been doing, and to impart all that has happened to them, since you were last together. The retrospect is of itself very fatiguing. But it becomes insufferably wearisome if, in the meantime, you have lived among other persons and other faces, and have acquired new ideas, and interests, and sympathies. It is a very venial weakness to guard against a repetition of the nuisance by affecting to be short-sighted.

DISMISSAL OF THE IONIAN JUDGES.

AS the House of Commons has abdicated its functions as the Grand Inquest of the Empire, it is well that another House of Parliament remains to watch and check the proceedings of executive functionaries. One of the most animated debates of the Session occurred in the House of Lords on Thursday evening, on the unattractive subject of the dismissal of the Ionian judges. The crowded benches bore witness to Lord Derby's love of justice, and also, perhaps, to his willingness to damage the Government; but one of the best apologies for party is to be found in the security which it affords that the victims of official oppression or mistake can always count on zealous advocates. It is to the credit of the House of Lords that it has repeatedly discussed a petty wrong which has been perpetrated in a remote and uninteresting dependency. Sir G. Marcoran and Sir A. Xidian will probably not obtain practical redress; but Colonial Governors will henceforth think twice before they interfere with judicial independence, and they have received a warning against careless complicity with provincial intrigues. If Sir H. Storks had anticipated the damaging discussion in the House of Lords, the intrigue against the late members of the Supreme Council would have probably proved abortive. Soldiers in civil positions naturally regard a judge as a kind of superior clerk, who may be dismissed when it is convenient to make a vacancy. No class of functionaries is, however, more susceptible to criticism; and it is not a light matter to incur the severe censure of Lord Derby, Lord Chelmsford, and Lord Grey, as well as of all independent writers who have taken the trouble to investigate the transaction.

The dismissal of the two judges, though it has since been solemnly defended, was in its origin a commonplace and almost undisguised job. Every Ionian wants a place, every Ionian lawyer would like to be a judge; and in the absence of direct personal interest, there are always motives of spite or of personal favour to instigate an attack on any public servant who holds a desirable office. The original authors of the intrigue would smile at the pretext that Sir G. Marcoran was a demagogue, or that the conduct of the Supreme Court had excited general dissatisfaction. The charges against the judges were afterthoughts, and their real crime consisted in the possession of salaries for which other candidates were waiting. The five members of the nominated Senate, who possess all the independence of a French municipality, had determined to thrust one of their own members into the vacant seat. As Sir A. Domenichino had abandoned the profession of the law for several years, and as he had never held any judicial office,

his colleagues in the Senate could scarcely have pretended that his promotion was justified by any but political reasons. The other candidate, a competent lawyer, was chosen because he was the brother of Mr. Gladstone's chief political adviser, and he had probably not disqualified himself for promotion by avowing, as Sir G. Marcoran imprudently avowed, his attachment to the English Protectorate. Lord Granville, who has, perhaps, not studied the affairs of the Septinsular Republic with peculiar care, argued, with much gravity and simplicity, that it was proper to respect the constitutional authority of the nominee Senate. Lord Grey, with fuller knowledge of the subject-matter, has already ridiculed a pretence which Sir H. Storks would never seriously urge in his own defence. It may be safely assumed that the Senate secured the assent of the Lord High Commissioner before putting these little job into a formal shape. It was at least obvious that, if the Senators were the real originators of the changes, the undeniably corrupt nature of their act ought to have provoked an instant veto from their superior.

For some unknown reason, Sir H. Storks consented to play into the hands of the local jobbers, and he probably never expected that it would be necessary to devise excuses for an exercise of power which was absolute, and which may have seemed irresponsible. He had himself, shortly before, assured Sir G. Marcoran that no change was in contemplation, although he has since imagined that he had long since meditated the indispensable reform of a corrupt tribunal. The Secretary of State, instructed by the Lord High Commissioner, officially informed the dismissed judges that the confirmation of their removal involved no imputation on their character. It was at a later period that Sir G. Marcoran found, with astonishment, that he was, like his successor, a busy politician; and in a farther stage of the transaction he suddenly degenerated into a guilty member of a tribunal which was in itself incorrupt. When it was pointed out that, in a pure Court of four judges sitting together, individual corruption was almost impossible, the English members of the Court were, at the eleventh hour, accused of unconscious participation in the imaginary crimes of their Ionian colleagues. It is strange that a Secretary of State who justly boasts of his determination to protect his subordinates should extemporise an accusation of culpable incompetency against two English judges whose conduct had never been questioned, either by Ionian calumniators or by complacent functionaries in Corfu. The angry and indiscriminate accusations which were thrown out, in the second debate, against the injured judges, their colleagues, and their friends, were happily not repeated in the debate of Thursday last. The Secretary of State confined his reply to detailed criticisms of Lord Chelmsford's speech, and to professions of confidence in Sir H. Storks, and of a determination to support him. It is highly desirable that the chief of a great public department should defend his subordinates; but Sir G. Marcoran and Sir A. Xidian were also entitled to the protection of the Colonial Minister. As Lord Grey pointed out, the dismissal of a judge is not analogous to the removal of an administrative officer, and the members of the Supreme Court, according to uniform precedent, correcting the letter of the law, held their offices during good behaviour. Lord Grey's precedent of the English judges who might, till 1760, have been dismissed, in default of reappointment on the accession of a new sovereign, runs precisely on all fours with the case of Sir H. Storks' unfortunate victims; and as Lord Grey also pointed out, nearly all the Colonial judges were lately subject to removal, and yet they were never removed except after accusation and inquiry. There is no doubt about the law, and there is as little doubt about the spirit of the law, which overrides, completes, and authoritatively interprets the text. It is a discovery of Sir H. Storks that custom and precedent are invalid out of the United Kingdom; but no paradox is too bold for a military Governor who justifies the dismissal of a judge on the pretext that he has held his place for many years, and that there are numerous candidates for promotion. To repeat once more an appropriate illustration, Jacques Bonhomme, his father, and his grandfather, have held these three or four arpents of land for seventy years. It is time for the landless patriot, Brutus Leonidas Coupegeorge, to take his turn as a freeholder. Judgment is accordingly signed in favour of Domenichino, and poor Marcoran is contumeliously ejected.

An innocent correspondent of *The Times*, who appears lately to have enjoyed the Lord Chief Commissioner's hospitality, laudably attempts to defend his friend by asserting that, during his recent visit to Corfu, he heard no complaint of the dismissal of the judges. It would have been strange if the Palace had rung with invectives against the Chief Commissioner; and it would have been scarcely less surprising if the English members of the Supreme Court had taken a casual visitor into their confidence so far as to question publicly the propriety of the appointment of their present colleagues. The apologist concludes with the common formula, which was expanded by the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Russell in the discussion of Thursday—"Sir H. Storks is, as all who know him will admit, incapable of &c. &c.;" and it is inferred that assumed incapacity of wrong implies immunity from censure. It might be answered that some of those who have felt called upon to defend two injured men are at least as incapable of misrepresentation or of injustice. The best reply, however, to the conventional argument from character was furnished, among other exposures of popular fallacies, by the late Mr. Justice Maule. "It appears," he once said, "from the evidence, that the prisoner is a person of exemplary moral and religious character, and that he stole the prosecutor's

watch. It is for you, gentlemen of the jury, to consider, under these circumstances, whether you will find a verdict of guilty." Sir H. Storks managed the Smyrna hospital efficiently; he was a useful Assistant Secretary at the War Office, and he dismissed two unoffending judges, in the probably unconscious furtherance of a petty political intrigue. The House of Lords has apparently made up its mind on the immediate issue. No party questions Sir H. Storks's merits, but justice ought to be done to his victims.

The papers which have been granted will, perhaps, illustrate the ingenuity of the Ionians in calumniating their countrymen. It is impossible that they should justify the dismissal of the judges without involving serious blame to those who originally acquitted them of malversation of office. There have already, in the phrase of pleaders, been two or three departures, or shiftings of ground in the controversy. The judges were first innocent; then they were political agitators; and lastly, they were corrupt, with their English colleagues for dupes. If it were hereafter proved that they were the worst public criminals of the age, it would not the less be true that their dismissal was justified on untenable grounds, after it had originated in wrongful motives.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE case of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, and Lord Cardigan's prosecution of Colonel Calthorpe, are certainly calculated to raise considerable difficulties in the minds of those to whom it is a matter of practical importance to know what degree of liberty is by law allowed to the press. In the case of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, the Lord Chief Justice laid down the law in these words:—

"The article on which this action is brought is unquestionably libellous, but it is said that the announcements put forward by the plaintiff in a public newspaper were open to public criticism; and I quite concur in that view, and think they were fairly open to ridicule. It seems to me, that the line must be drawn between hostile criticism upon a man's public conduct and the motives by which that conduct is supposed to have been actuated, and that you have no right to impute to a man whose conduct you assail, and who may be fairly open to your attacks, base, sordid, and dishonest motives, unless there is so much ground for the imputation that a jury shall think, not only that you had an honest belief in the truth of your statements, but that your belief is not without foundation."

In Colonel Calthorpe's case, the same judge is reported to have said:—

"It is said that, whether the imputation was true or not, this was a case in which the defendant, as a public writer and as an historian of the events of the campaign, had a right to make such comments as he pleased upon the conduct of the Earl of Cardigan. . . . The conduct of public men is always properly the subject-matter of fair public discussion, but with this qualification—that the discussion must be kept within fair and legitimate limits. . . . It is not enough that a man has persuaded himself of the truth of the view which he thus takes. He must take care that, if he sits in judgment on the character, or the conduct, or the honour of others, he does so in a fair spirit and reasonable manner, and he must be prepared to satisfy a jury, not, indeed, always that he has written what is actually true, but that he had, at least, fair and reasonable grounds for the censures he has cast upon the conduct of others."

The practical application of these principles to the facts was very singular. It was held (in substance, though not exactly in terms) that Colonel Calthorpe was guilty of libel, not because his statements were not true—for the judgment admits that they might have been both untrue and injurious without being libellous—but because he had no "fair and reasonable grounds" for them. In *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, the writer's *bona fide* belief in the truth of his imputations was established, but the jury were told that, if "the evidence had shown" the imputation of motives to be without foundation, they were to find for the plaintiff.

If the principle laid down in Lord Cardigan's case is correct, it would appear that they ought also to have been asked whether, at the time when the defendant published the article complained of, he had fair grounds for believing what he said to be true. We may observe that, as the jury found that he did believe it, and as it was not suggested that he had any other means of knowledge, or even of conjecture, than those supplied by the conduct of the plaintiff himself, there is little doubt how this question ought to have been answered. It is true that the expression "without foundation," in the judgment in *Campbell v. Spottiswoode* may be said to mean something more than "untrue;" but in the trial at nisi prius the Lord Chief Justice told the jury to find for the plaintiff if they thought that the imputations were "shown by the evidence to be unfounded," which can have no other meaning than false in fact. It seems, therefore, that there is a divergence between these cases; for, according to *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, an imputation of motives which did not in fact exist is libellous, even though the conduct of the plaintiff leads the defendant to entertain an honest belief of its truth; whereas, according to *R. v. Calthorpe*, an imputation may be innocent on the ground that there were "fair and reasonable grounds" for it, though it is not absolutely true. In order to understand these decisions, it is necessary to go back to the principles upon which they proceed, and which we think will be found to qualify part, at any rate, of the language employed in the judgments.

A good deal of the intricacy of the law of libel arises from the fact that libel is both a tort and a crime, and that it is regarded in different ways, and treated in some respects on different principles, according as it is viewed in the one or the other light. If it is treated as a crime, additional difficulty is introduced by the

fact that the word "libel" is so used as to fluctuate between two different senses. Sometimes it means a thing, a particular kind of writing; sometimes a crime or a wrong—that is, the act of publishing the writing under such circumstances as to constitute a crime or a wrong. By bearing in mind these distinctions, and by attending to the history of the law on the subject, its present state may be understood.

A libel, in the proper sense of the word—that is, when it is considered as the name of a thing—is a defamatory writing. It would be hardly too much to say that any writing whatever which can give pain or impute blame is a libel, the publication of which, under certain circumstances, or if accompanied with particular intents, may be either a crime, or a wrong, or both. "A libel," says Serjeant Hawkins, "is a malicious defamation, expressed either in printing or writing, and tending either to blacken the memory of one that is dead or the reputation of one that is alive, and expose him to public hatred, contempt, or ridicule." Here the word "malicious" describes the state of mind which must accompany the publication in order to make it criminal or wrongful, whilst the rest of the definition defines the nature of the thing to which the state of mind must be applied. It is obvious that the definition of libel, the thing, is so wide as to include far the greater part of the matter which is published in newspapers. It is hardly possible to imagine any expression, even of difference of opinion with another person, which is not within the terms of this definition. Suppose, for instance, a Judge were to deliver an extremely absurd charge, and any one were to prove by the most sound and temperate arguments that the charge was, in fact, absurd, this would no doubt tend "to blacken the reputation" of the Judge who delivered it, and to expose him to public contempt. So, to publish truly of a man that he has been convicted of murder and has been sentenced to be hanged is effectually "to blacken his reputation" and "expose him to public hatred." The result of the invention of so wide a definition has been to insinuate that all writings imputing blame to any one are *prima facie* unlawful, and that the burden of showing that he has acted legally is on every person who publishes a statement tending to diminish the reputation of any other person. Hence the law of libel has been brought into its present shape by establishing a series of exceptions to the general rule that people are not to blame each other in writing.

This general rule was, and in so far as it exists still is, guaranteed by two sets of sanctions—civil and criminal; and, singularly enough, the criminal sanction extends in general beyond the civil one. The general theory of the law appears to be, that a man has a right to that degree of consideration amongst his neighbours which he would enjoy if all the facts which could affect their opinion of him were generally known. Hence it has always been held that the fact that a libel is true disentitles the person libelled to damages, whatever may have been the motives which induced the libeller to publish it. The reputation in the enjoyment of which a man is protected by the law is a reputation founded on truth. As this cannot be diminished by the publication of the truth, such a publication cannot be a ground for damages.

The view which the law takes of libel, considered as a crime, is altogether different. It is obviously founded on that extreme jealousy of irregular, indefinite power of every kind which is natural to the agents of constituted authority. Lawyers regarded themselves as the proper guardians of society, and an appeal to the law as the proper remedy for every wrong which one person can inflict upon another. Hence, they uniformly held that where one person made public imputations on another, the truth of the imputations was no justification, that such imputations tended to disturb the public peace, and to transfer to an irregular tribunal—namely, public discussion in the newspapers—those powers which, according to the high legal theory, ought to be vested exclusively in the courts of law. Thus Hawkins says:—

"The chief intention of the law in prohibiting persons to revenge themselves by libels or any other private manner is to restrain them from endeavouring to make themselves their own judges, and to oblige them to refer the decision of their grievances to those whom the law has appointed to determine them."

So in the case of *R. v. Burdett* in 1821, Mr. Justice Bayley said, in reference to a letter on what was called the Manchester Massacre:—

"It would be a great stigma on the administration of justice in this country if, in a collateral way, in a transaction in which the public mind may happen to be interested, any person by a voluntary publication on his part should be at liberty to raise the question whether particular individuals had or had not been guilty of particular crimes instead of doing so in a constitutional mode."

The objections that there are many offences which are most injurious to the public, and of which the courts of law take no notice—and that the expense both in time and money, and the difficulty, of prosecuting crimes are such that, even when a crime has been committed, it is often far more convenient to denounce it in a newspaper than to send up a bill at the assizes—were either overlooked or discouraged. If the law had been so thoroughly enforced as to effect its purpose, all charges whatever, true or false, except in the form of criminal prosecutions, would have been punishable—the only difference being, that those which happened to be false would have been punished by damages at the suit of the party, as well as by fine and imprisonment at the suit of the Crown.

This view of the matter was intelligible and consistent, how-

ever injurious it may have been to the public interests. It grew up during the early part of English history, and did not assume any considerable prominence till the press acquired something like its present proportions in the course of the eighteenth century. During that century arose the famous contest as to the true meaning of the law. The form of indictment for libel always charged the defendant with writing a "false, scandalous, and malicious" libel, and went on to allege that he did so with some wicked intent—as, for instance, "unlawfully, wickedly, and maliciously intending to injure, vilify, and prejudice one A. B.," or to bring the Government into contempt, &c. &c. It was on the meaning of these expressions that the question arose. They were probably in their origin mere abusive epithets intended to heighten the guilt of the accused, but they were made to serve another purpose. Lord Erskine contended that they were substantial averments, upon which the jury must be satisfied by explicit evidence, just as they would have to be satisfied that a man indicted for knowingly passing bad money actually knew that the money was bad. If this view were upheld, it would follow that every topic which went to show that the intention of the defendant was laudable might be addressed to the jury. On the other hand, Lord Mansfield and the other judges held that it was the duty of the Court to determine the meaning and nature of the writing; that the intent with which the writing was published was a mere legal inference from the fact that it was published, and had such a meaning; and that therefore nothing was left to be proved on the one side or disproved on the other but the fact of publication, and the truth of the innuendoes. No better illustration could be given of the way in which lawyers argue than is supplied by the famous arguments in support of their respective views of Lord Erskine in the case of *R. v. Shipley*, and of the judges who were consulted by the House of Lords before the Libel Act was passed. A wonderful number of analogies and illustrations may be found in favour of each theory; but it seems clear that, if it is a crime to attack a man in any way whatever in writing, the view of the judges was the true one. What a man deliberately does he intends to do; the composition of a libel must, from the nature of the case, be a deliberate act; and therefore, if the law really meant to forbid all written blame of all persons whatever (which it probably did), the moral praiseworthiness of the motive could have no effect on the criminal quality of the act.

The proper course would have been to recognise the fact that the law was wrong, and to substitute for it some reasonable definition, such as forms part of the Indian Penal Code. But this is a course which English law reformers have never been bold enough to take. They have always stood on the ancient ways, and on this occasion the law was reformed by enacting that, in cases of libel, the jury may "give a general verdict upon the whole matter put in issue;" that is, in untechnical language, that they may consider the intention of the author, and the character of the publication—the practical effect of which is, that they decide whether or not the publication in question ought to be considered a libel. Besides this, it has been provided that, in cases of criminal prosecutions for defamatory libels, the defendant may plead the truth of the libellous matter, and that its publication was for the public benefit.

Thus the law of libel is, that any written blame of one person by another may be punished if the jury choose to call it a libel, either for civil or criminal purposes; and the question whether or not they will choose to call it a libel depends on the view which they take as to the intention of the author, subject always to the provision that the truth of the imputation deprives the plaintiff of a right to damages, and that, if it is both true and important to the public, the writer is exempted from criminal punishment. This wide discretion of the jury has, however, been narrowed, and to some extent guided, by a variety of judicial decisions. Just as successive generations of judges in the early periods of English history determined under what circumstances killing was sufficiently malicious or wicked to be called murder, the decisions of modern judges have directed juries that certain intentions with which charges are made by one man against another are not malicious; and that therefore the publication of defamatory matter with such intentions is neither criminal nor wrongful, whether the matter published is true or false; and these have often, though inaccurately, been described as privileged cases. For instance, an intention to criticize a literary performance or the public conduct of a public man has been held to be innocent, and even laudable, from the time of Lord Ellenborough, and some other instances might be mentioned. This right, however, is always qualified by the word "fair," or sometimes "fair and reasonable;" and attempts have been made to refine still further, and say what sort of criticism is "fair." For instance, in *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, it was laid down, in language which appears to us capable of a very injurious application, that the imputation of motives is, in all cases, unfair criticism. No doubt, in a loose popular way, such a statement may be permitted, and it may be in many cases a useful guide to a jury; but to lay it down in general unqualified terms is to fetter the discretion which a jury ought to exercise. It would be a great misfortune if a long series of cases were to be decided, laying down technical rules as to what public writers may and may not say. Such a system of rules would become fatal to the liberty of the press. The present system, which practically makes juries despotic, is open to objections, but if it were replaced by a complicated set of cases

refining on *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, as *Campbell v. Spottiswoode* refined on some earlier decisions, no one would be able to tell what might be said and what not.

The divergency pointed out in the early part of this article between the cases of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode* and *R. v. Calthorpe*, may perhaps be explained by reference to an odd application of the principles already stated as to civil and criminal proceedings. It is clear that where the question is, whether A. B. is to be compensated by C. D. for an unlawful damage, the question of intention must be viewed in a different light from that which is appropriate when the question is whether C. D. is to be punished as a criminal for what he has said. If I damage your property under a *bona fide* belief, produced by reasonable evidence, that it is mine and not yours, I must of course pay for it, for I act at my peril; but it would be hard to punish me for malicious mischief; and the case is just the same with regard to a man's good name. The *bona fide* and reasonable belief of the defendant in the truth of the imputation is a reason why he should not be punished, but it is no reason why he should not make good the damage which he has inflicted on another man's reputation, which is his property.

This general account of the law of libel is worthy of notice, not only for its own sake, but because it affords a curious illustration of the way in which the law of England, both civil and criminal, is gradually formed by successive generations of judges and text-writers. The process consists of a long series of attempts to discover what principles were—or rather ought, in consistency, to have been—assumed to be true by those who originally framed the law; and in this manner the judges are constantly legislating, under restraints of the most strange and complicated kind. They have to respect analogy; they have to respect expediency; and they have to give unqualified obedience to any principle or rule which happens to have been thoroughly well settled. Should Lord Westbury's proposal to establish a Ministry of Justice ever become the law of the land, it would be part of the duty of that body to translate the law upon this, as upon other subjects, into a series of categorical propositions. It would be rash to profess to discharge such a task satisfactorily without a degree of labour and care which the present occasion would hardly justify; but some notion of the sort of result which would be produced may be conveyed by an attempt to state the substance of the foregoing inquiry in the shape of propositions:—

1. A libel is any written composition calculated to give pain or convey blame.
2. The publication of a libel, under certain circumstances, is malicious. The malicious publication of a libel is, under certain circumstances, a crime; and under certain other circumstances a private wrong, for which damages may be recovered.
3. The publication of a libel is always malicious unless the intention of the publisher is innocent. The following (amongst other) intents are innocent:—
 - (a.) An intent to publish such a criticism on any literary or artistic performance submitted to public criticism, or on the public conduct of public men, as a jury will, under the special circumstances of the case, regard as fair and reasonable.
 - (b.) An intent to discharge in good faith a private moral duty of imperfect obligation.

&c., &c.

4. The malicious publication of a libel is a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment, unless the defamatory matter is proved to be true, and unless it is proved to be for the public benefit that it should be published.
5. The malicious publication of a libel is a private wrong, for which damages may be recovered, unless the defamatory matter is proved to be true.

The judgment in Colonel Calthorpe's case raises a doubt whether a further exception to Rule 4 ought to be added—an exception applying to those cases in which a man publishes what cannot be called fair criticism on the public conduct of a public man, under a *bona fide* belief of its truth caused by reasonable evidence. It would appear more simple to say that such statements should, and by any intelligent jury would, be called "fair" criticism. Suppose that a writer, bitterly hating Lord Cardigan, and delighting in the opportunity of injuring him, had said, in a history of the Crimean campaign, "Lord Cardigan ran away at the battle of Balaklava," and went on to reproach him in the bitterest terms; and suppose that he had brought forward four credible eye-witnesses on whose evidence he made the assertion, which evidence was afterwards shown to be false, ought not the jury in a criminal case to say:—"This, for the present purpose (though not as to damages), was fair criticism. The writer had reasonable grounds for what he said, and his remarks would not have been unfair if the facts had been true?" The word "fair," or the more emphatic "fair and reasonable," leaves everything to the jury, where the positive truth of the imputation is not established. It is very difficult to get beyond this, and not wise to attempt it. It is because the very wide expressions introduced into the judgment in *Campbell v. Spottiswoode* have this tendency that we object to them. To tell a jury that the imputation of motives must always be unfair criticism is to render criticism practically impossible.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF 1851.

MR. AYRTON probably did not expect that his motion for dissolving the Exhibition Commission of 1851 would be carried. To kick a dead lion, or even to administer a *post mortem*

indignity to that other animal which kicked a dying lion, is not a generous act. The House of Commons kicked, and soundly kicked, all concerned in the last and worst development of the South Kensington clique; but it could hardly be expected to perform the Irish trick of throwing its heels in its own face. Such would have been the effect, to say nothing of any constitutional solecism, had the House, after consenting to the purchase of the site of the Exhibition Buildings of 1862 from the Commissioners of 1851, determined the existence of the body with which it had so recently concluded an important contract. The 120,000*l.* voted for the site is now held, together with sundry other property, by the Commissioners as trustees for the advancement of science and art. If Mr. Ayrton intended, on Monday night, to reverse the decision for the purchase of the site, he had better have said so. It was asking rather too much of Parliament to expect it to stultify itself both so immediately and so completely. But if all that his motion meant was, that the Commissioners of 1851 have managed badly, and that it is thought very necessary to give them a substantial hint to do better for the future, we express a general opinion when we say that, for once, the member for the Tower Hamlets had a good case, and conducted it well. Whether the Commissioners have so far abused their powers as that public policy requires that their Charter should be revoked, may be fairly doubted; and it was hardly to be expected that the House of Commons, the more prominent members of which on both sides happen to be Commissioners under this Charter, should say so. No doubt Ministers past and present, Ministers existent and expectant, are not the people with whom to entrust such concerns as have grown out of the Exhibition of 1851. The Commissioners have, by degrees, become land-jobbers and speculators in house property; they have given and taken mortgages; they have got mixed up with all sorts of speculative and complicated agreements, bargains, and liabilities. But Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Cobden and Lord Palmerston, have all along been in the place of sleeping partners in a large trading concern of which the master minds have been the forward, pushing, scheming members and officials of the Commission. The consequences are entanglements, outstanding bills, unknown liabilities, and doubtful assets. In City language, the Commissioners have been obliged to call their creditors together. The active head clerks, Messrs. Dilke, and Cole, and Foster, and all the rest of them, have got everything into confusion. There is a dead lock; and Mr. Ayrton proposes a fiat in bankruptcy, and a summary and compulsory winding-up of the whole concern.

But the creditors are the British public. They may think, and wisely, that if the ornamental partners can be shamed or frightened into taking the labouring oars the concern is not hopelessly insolvent. The estate may be brought round; the business may be carried on under inspectors. It is not that we are hopelessly disgusted with the whole cause of science and art, but only with those who have speculated on it. The managing clerks have done too much business on their own account; and they have done shabby business, and have dealt with suspected firms; and all this has acted very prejudicially on the main concern. But still the firm started respectably, and it may recover. Anyhow, the seventeen acres for 120,000*l.* is, in itself, a good bargain, and it will now be everybody's business to see that these seventeen acres are made the most of. That miserable job of attempting to make a flower-garden in the midst of London smoke cannot be repeated. Nobody with even a baronetcy in prospect will again persuade us that the interests of science or art are to be furthered by making the Horticultural Society a present of a lease, at a peppercorn rent, of twenty-two acres, for the purpose of exhibiting cut flowers and new bonnets for the gratification of the upper half of the Upper Ten Thousand. It is very doubtful whether, even ten years hence, we shall venture on another Great International Show for the benefit of another Cadogan and an army of salaried officials, even though we should be promised another Fowke, and another pair of monster domes and of equally monstrous patriotic contractors.

Such being the lessons taught by experience, the Commissioners of 1851—comprising, as they do, the highest talent and the highest integrity in the land—will probably, for the future, see with their own eyes. They will remember that they have been in existence for twelve years, that they were incorporated for the express and recorded objects of furthering science and art, and that they have done—what? Got a baronetcy for one of their number; rewarded a few officials, some with unsubstantial honours, but most with very substantial salaries for twelve years; jobbed out a large plot of garden ground to their own friends; got a large estate heavily mortgaged, and absolutely unproductive; and on this land erected a building which the indignation and almost execration of a whole people compelled them to pull down. These are the twelve years' achievements in the interests of science and art which the Commissioners have to show. To science they have given nothing; and it is rather creditable to science to remember that they have not even pretended to give anything to science. Indeed, Science seems to have been entered on the schedule of responsibilities only for the look of the thing. "Science and art" sounds so well, looks so pretty, rounds a sentence so neatly. To art the Commissioners have contributed. They have given salaries to certain minor artists, under the style and title of curators; they have built the Brompton domes; they have made the name of Fowke immortal; and they have presented the public with three ceremonials in which live lords, live mayors, and live bishops appeared, sometimes for twenty and sometimes for thirty shillings

a-head. These are the last triumphs of art, spreading, however, over twelve years, which we owe to that Royal Commission which Mr. Ayrton so rudely offered to consign to condign, and violent, and instant death. We cannot remember that art or science is indebted to the Royal Commissioners for more substantial benefits than these.

The Commissioners may, perhaps, reply that it was only public apathy, and the sneers and taunts of reviling and hostile critics, which have prevented the "inauguration" of an Art University, and the endowment of the Bromptonian Lecturers and the Brompton Professors in social, practical, and economical science. Or they may say, with Lord Ebury, that the Guards must give their next ball in Westminster Abbey if the Commissioners of 1851 are to be baulked in their noble scheme of supplying a Picture Gallery for the interests of Mr. Gunter and Messrs. Cooté and Tinney. But we really do believe that a sound and useful, and unostentatious future, is open even to the Commissioners of 1851, and, if they put their shoulders to the wheel, they can in two years, or in one year, do more for science and art than all the land-jobbing and road-making, and mortgaging, and subletting, upon which they have expended their energies for twelve whole years. Let them sell all the land they do not want. They tell us that under their management the fee simple has largely increased in value, which it certainly ought to have done, for it has brought in no rent. Let men abandon the thought of new and Utopian schemes, and confine themselves to the dull, prosaic duty of making the best of such scientific and artistic capabilities as we have. It is time enough to imagine new worlds to conquer when we have exhausted the old. Science and art may be very substantially benefited by subsidizing and improving existing institutions. There is the British Museum, wanting money, wanting space, wanting objects. On the whole, we should say, that it would benefit science and art more substantially to make a grant to the British Museum, than to give baronetcies, knighthoods, and palatial houses to second-rate artists and the smaller fry of literature. Would it be inconsistent with the chartered objects of the Commissioners to invest something of their balance at the bankers—if there is any balance when the horticultural incumbrance is got rid of and the mortgage paid off—in doing something with the Burlington House Estate? As far as we can make out, the objects of science and art might very properly be advanced were even the new National Gallery built out of their funds. We see no reason why the Estimates for many a year might not be lightened by tapping this hoard of the Commissioners. Why should not the new buildings which will be wanted to cover our recently acquired seventeen acres, in place of the dish-covers now happily doomed to demolition, be paid for by the Commissioners out of their funds? When Mr. Lowe tells us of the profits the Commissioners have made, and of the handsome results of their thrifty stewardship, we own that our fingers itch to be handling this very convenient old stocking, with its 300,000*l.* contents. Such a sum would give us not only enough for new museums, and new galleries, and new lecture-rooms, but enough to improve the museums, and galleries, and lecture-rooms which we have. To invest capital and skill in old mines is often as profitable as sinking new shafts.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTHERN STATES.

THERE can be but little doubt as to the main points aimed at by General Lee in the advance that he has made across the Potomac. Judging from the present positions of the several divisions of his army, together with the successive steps which have been taken to attain those positions, the inference to be drawn is, that both the investment of Washington, and the isolation of Washington and Baltimore from the Northern and Western States, would follow as the result of the success of his plan. The operations evince a boldness which would almost be denominated rashness if conducted by a less able man than General Lee, who, if he possesses a fault, has been hitherto accused of excess of caution rather than of temerity. Everything, however, appears to justify the attempt he has made. The helplessness of the Government of Washington, the imbecility of General Hooker, the apathy of the people of Pennsylvania, and the disputes between the Governors of States, ending in the withdrawal from the seat of war of the New Jersey militia, show symptoms which would almost appear to portend an utter disruption of the Union. We have still to hear, what appears to be expected by General Lee, that Maryland has thrown in her lot with that of the South. Her case is very different from what it was last year. Then, her Northern frontier was merely touched by the Confederate armies, who were forced to retreat after the battle of Antietam; the communications were open with the Northern and Western States, and there still remained sufficient enthusiasm for the war in those States to induce them to pour troops into the menaced districts. Now, on the contrary, the Confederate armies are advancing into the heart of Maryland, and the rails which alone could bring troops to Baltimore and Washington are in danger of destruction. Our knowledge, however, of the position of affairs is still comparatively slight, and it is more useful to trace out the development of the present operations than to form conjectures about the future.

In order to comprehend the movements of the Confederate armies, it is necessary to glance back at the events preceding the crossing of the Potomac. We learn from Northern sources

that General Lee's army consists of about 130,000 men actually in the field, irrespective of the force left for the defence of Richmond, and that it is made up of the following corps:—General Ewell, 35,000 men; General Longstreet, 42,000; General Hill, 28,000—making a total of 105,000 infantry, in addition to 18,000 cavalry, under the command of General Stuart, and 3,000 under that of Colonel Jenkins, besides a numerous artillery. We learn also that Richmond is defended by General D. H. Hill, with 21,000 men, on the south side; and by General French, General Wise, and General Corse, with about 22,000, on the east and north. General Lee's force appears to comprise the old army of Richmond and the Rappahannock, together with 40,000 men detached from General Bragg's army in Tennessee (made up of 20,000 of General Lee's old corps and 20,000 fresh troops), and 10,000 sent by General Beauregard from the force in and about Charleston. During the second week in June, the corps destined for the Shenandoah Valley, under the command of General Ewell, passed through Culpepper Court-house, and on Saturday the 13th arrived at Winchester, where with little difficulty it completely defeated General Milroy, capturing three field batteries and one siege battery—that is, the whole of his artillery—280 waggons laden with supplies for the army and the private property of the officers, and 1,200 horses and mules. Thence, preceded by the cavalry under the command of Colonel Jenkins, General Ewell marched to the Potomac, a distance of 30 miles, and took possession of the Baltimore and Ohio rail from the Point of Rocks to Cumberland, an extent of about 90 miles. The cavalry then advanced into Pennsylvania, and was soon afterwards followed by the remainder of the corps. On the 25th, we find the cavalry had pushed on as far as Carlisle, about 15 miles from Harrisburg, where it defeated a small body of Federal militia, capturing a New York regiment; and we learn that on that day General Ewell's head-quarters were at Chambersburg, 50 miles distant from the Potomac. On the 24th and 25th, Generals Longstreet's and Hill's corps crossed the Potomac, probably in the vicinity of Williamsport, as a bridge had been constructed at that point, although the Upper Potomac is fordable in many places at this season of the year. A division of General Longstreet's corps, under the command of General Early, was pushed forward and occupied Gettysburg, a small place about 30 miles east of Chambersburg, and about the same distance from the Baltimore and Harrisburg rail, with which it is connected by a short branch line; whilst the main body of the army, under General Lee, was supposed, on the 25th, to be stationed at Boonesborough, Middletown, and Frederick city, holding the passes through the range known as the South Mountain. A division of the army, under General Jones, had in the meantime engaged what remained of General Milroy's force at McConnellsburg, and driven them back in the direction of Bloody Run and Bedford.

Such appears to have been the position of General Lee's army when the last steamer left New York. Moreover, in addition to this army, there is a report that a corps of 30,000 men—to what corps belonging, is unknown—instead of following the main army, marched in a north-easterly direction from Culpepper Court-house to Brentville, and from thence towards Dumfries, a small town about 15 miles below Washington, near what is called Budd's Ferry. This corps is said to have been accompanied by a pontoon train and by 40 pieces of artillery, and the conjecture is that Maryland is the destination aimed at, and that the pontoon train is to enable the forces to cross the Potomac. The scheme is bold, if such should really prove to be its destination, as the Potomac is very wide at that place, and of depth sufficient to allow gunboats of considerable size to operate on its waters. After having crossed the river, the corps could scarcely hope to keep up its communication with the right bank, but must trust entirely to its own resources until it should join General Lee's army somewhere in rear of Washington, near Bladensburg. Such an attempt would not be made unless the sympathies of the people of Maryland were known to be favourable, and an expectation was entertained that the population would, on the appearance of the troops, declare for the Southern cause. However, the whole account of the affair rests entirely on newspaper reports. The numbers of the force may possibly have been exaggerated, and it may be intended only for the purpose of throwing up batteries and establishing a post which will command the river Potomac, and so close Washington from communication with the sea, and prevent the arrival of the troops of General Forster and General Dix from Fortress Monroe. With regard to the Federal gunboats, we know that some must at the present time be in the James and York rivers, co-operating with the land force under General Keys; but the great majority, including most if not all the iron-clads, were sent to assist at the bombardment of Charleston. We know, also, that four Confederate iron-clads were on the stocks at Richmond last December. Possibly they may now be ready for service, and may be intended to play their part in the attack on Washington. The new *Merrimac* was fully armed and equipped at the end of last year. She was thought to be far superior to her former namesake, but was ordered not to proceed down the James River lower than Fort Darling until her consorts should be ready.

With regard to the Federal army, we have no certain information as to its position. Its numerical strength cannot be much greater than 75,000 men, composed of 50,000 of the army of the Potomac, and 25,000, under General Heintzelman, of the garrison proper of Washington. It would require almost the whole

of this force to garrison the numerous forts which defend Washington, supposing the town to be menaced on both sides the river. In fact, it is not Washington only which may be said to be included within the fortified lines, but nearly the entire district, on both sides the river, marked in the maps as the district of Columbia. General Hooker's right is said to rest on Maryland Height, opposite Harper's Ferry, and he is reported to hold the left bank of the river from that point to Washington. This is not likely to be the case, as we hear that the Confederates have possession of the right bank above Point of Rocks, which is below Harper's Ferry, and that General Lee is at present at Frederick city, about 15 miles from Point of Rocks, and nearer Washington than Harper's Ferry or Maryland Heights. If the defences of Maryland Heights are still held by the Federal troops, they are probably occupied by a force detached for that purpose, and we may reasonably conclude that General Hooker's main army is drawn still closer round Washington. It is difficult to foresee what its plan of operations will be. General Hooker can scarcely remain within the lines and see Washington invested; want of provisions for so numerous a body of troops would prevent this, and also the fact that no army exists in the Eastern States which could reinforce or relieve him. If he should come out to fight, he would do so under a disadvantage both as regards the numerical strength and the morale of his army. Should he attempt to march on Lee's communications and threaten Richmond, he would be forced to leave but a scanty garrison to defend Washington; his march would be through a country devastated by war, where a large transport would be necessary; and in the vicinity of Richmond he would find fresh forces ready to oppose him, in addition to his own right being threatened from the side of the Shenandoah Valley by the passes held by General Lee in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The apathy of the people of the Northern States may possibly be shared by his own troops, and they may be unwilling again to be led to slaughter by a general in whom they have no confidence. As regards General Lee, his front at present must be taken as Carlisle; but probably, when the country up to the Susquehanna river has been cleared of Federal troops, the army will wheel to the right; and whilst detachments will destroy the rail running from Baltimore to Harrisburg, and possibly the ferry and bridges of the rail from Baltimore to Philadelphia, the main army will perhaps place itself between Washington and Baltimore, trusting for supplies to a friendly country, hitherto untouched by war. The rail from Baltimore to Philadelphia may easily be rendered useless, as several large streams are crossed by ferries which can be quickly destroyed. That the authorities of Baltimore are aware of their danger is apparent from the proclamation put forth by Governor Bradford of Maryland, in which he calls for aid from the townspeople to throw up fortifications. Hitherto the fortifications of Baltimore have been intended rather to overawe the town than to offer opposition to a foreign enemy. The river Susquehanna, which seems to be the line of defence taken up by the Federals, is not navigable for some distance below Harrisburg for any vessels, except of very light draught.

One of the most noticeable facts in the invasion of Pennsylvania is the conduct of the Confederate troops, not only of those under the immediate eye of the generals commanding, but of the detached squadrons of cavalry. Even the most bitter enemies of the Confederacy cannot help noticing this fact, and contrasting it with the scandalous outrages committed by Northern troops in Southern territory. Their good conduct, and the system of paying for all provisions, has already produced an effect materially to their advantage; and the Pennsylvanians, if they do not receive them as friends, treat them equally well with the troops from New York, sent ostensibly for the defence of their State. The Confederacy has indeed put forth its strength, and astonished Europe by the energy it has displayed, and also by the numerical force it has been able to bring into the field. The operations in other quarters have not slackened in consequence of the invasion of Pennsylvania. Bragg still holds Rosencrans in check; and the Federal Colonel Saunders, in his raid into Tennessee, encountered a larger force than he anticipated. The Confederate cavalry have crossed the Ohio into Indiana, near Leavenworth; whilst despatches from Southern sources state that the Confederate General Kirby Smith has obtained possession of Milliken's Bend, and so opened the communications between Vicksburg and Texas; and even Northern journals can announce nothing from that place, except that the communications by the Mississippi between Memphis and Grant's army are still open—a statement which admits the danger of their being closed. In conclusion, General Banks has been repulsed and defeated at Port Hudson, and acknowledges that his force is not sufficient to take the place. Still more extraordinary, however, than the successes of the Confederacy, is the apathy with which these reverses are taken by the people of the North. They appear to be so weary of the war that defeat itself would be welcome if it would only bring peace.

A VOTE OF WANT OF CONFIDENCE IN MADAGASCAR.

THANKS to the activity which the rebellious principle in the human mind displays in these days, the science of revolution will soon be very complete. New cases occur so frequently that the student of political pathology is at no loss for subjects for his studies. Formerly, our knowledge of revolutionary diagnosis was

drawn exclusively from two or three chronic cases upon the continent of Europe. France, Poland, and Italy, with an occasional contribution from Germany, furnished the sum total of our knowledge. But lately our information has been extending. America has furnished us with a specimen on a large scale, in which several subsidiary revolutions are likely to be included. We have had an opportunity of studying more closely the political movements which have occurred at periodic intervals in China; and even Japan has supplied the student of political decomposition with some materials for his investigations. And now Madagascar appears with her contribution to the general stock of knowledge. Such an abundance of phenomena for investigation is a vast advantage to science. Until recently, revolutions were looked upon with the same kind of ignorant awe with which a savage watches an eclipse; but we may now hope that, before long, the statistics of revolutions will be as elaborate and as reliable as the statistics of births, marriages, and deaths.

Setting aside the rare cases in which a population, generally half-starved, rises against the rulers or the laws that stand between it and its dinner, revolutions may generally be traced to the discontent of place-hunters, dependent provinces, or priests. A desire to wrest patronage from some special family or caste, a wish to assert the claims of some conquered region or down-trodden nationality, or an enthusiasm for the injured rights of some religious creed, have, one or other of them, been generally at the bottom of appeals to physical force. The troubles of Madagascar have hitherto arisen from the priest element. The question of Paganism or Christianity has been hitherto the chief Ministerial question. In the days of Queen Ranavarola the religious question was the vital one of the day; and the defeated party, who were the Christians, were slaughtered by thousands. But in Madagascar, as elsewhere, it has come, after a great deal of fighting, to be an open question. It has apparently had no concern with the recent revolution. The bone of contention was not dogma, but place. That bitter ingredient in the cup of an Opposition, to which Lord Derby so feelingly alluded at the Mansion House—the loss of patronage—turned the stomach of the “outs” in this primitive and unrestrained community. Their natural indignation at seeing all the good things going to their opponents was reinforced by a strong provincial discontent arising from the same cause. The King’s dynasty had come from the province of Emerina, in the north; and that province appears to have behaved itself very much as Scotland did when it furnished a king to its larger southern neighbour. Emerina, like Scotland, expected that it should be rewarded, for its merit in having brought the royal dynasty into existence, by a monopoly of place and pay; and for some time it was duly gratified in its desire. But when King Radama I. and his widow were dead, a more just apportionment of patronage came into vogue; and the provincial monopoly of Emerina was broken down. Then Emerina, still following close in the footsteps of Scotland, turned against its king, and joined in the rebellion which has cost him his life. Whether a Cromwell is still in store for the mercenary province remains to be seen. It must be acknowledged, however, that it had one very fair cause of discontent. Foreign speculators who have built largely upon royal favour have never been popular in any country, least of all among races of Asiatic origin. M. Lambert, an enterprising Frenchman, had undertaken to do for Madagascar what M. Lesseps had nearly done for Egypt. He had obtained concessions which would have enabled him, under pretence of establishing various beneficial public works, to gain a foothold for French influence. This of itself was disgusting enough to the councillors of old Queen Ranavarola, who had waged uncompromising war with foreign ideas. But, to make the insult as galling as possible, this adventurous Frenchman was decorated with the title of Duke of Emerina. The feelings of that outraged province may be conceived by imagining the condition of mind into which the metropolitan boroughs would have been thrown if Mr. Train had been taken into the special favour of the Queen, and had been created Duke of Lambeth. We, who have just had our little revolution against Cole and Dilke—adventurers of our own blood, and in whom the dukedom is as yet but in embryo—can sympathize with the resentment of Emerina.

Though the revolution was in no sense religious, there is a curious moral and philanthropic tinge about it. If one might judge of it by its results, one would say that it had been got up by philanthropists of a type with which we are familiar enough here, who do not mind how much bloodshed they encourage, or how many crimes they cause, so long as they can thereby strike a blow at the one particular sin against which they are at the moment raging. According to the accounts we have received, this bloody insurrection, inaugurated by the massacre of thirty of the most distinguished persons in the State, was provoked by a decree of the King’s permitting private duels. Some of our own Peace party must surely have got into Madagascar. There can hardly be any other section of men whose horror of bloodshed induces them to demand a massacre. But not only are the Malagasi blessed by the possession of a Peace party, but they seem to enjoy a Puritan party too; for it appears that one of the crimes that were alleged against King Radama and his favourites was that they were accustomed to hold revels somewhat too gorgeous in the royal palace. Estimates of morality differ in different countries; but the meaning of the reproaches of an Opposition is best illustrated by their acts when they become a Ministry. The first political measure of the new Ministry, as soon as they had

hanged their predecessors and strangled their master, was to impose their terms upon the new Queen, whom they elevated by force to the throne. Their terms were very simple. She was to become a teetotaler. But it nowhere appears that they were willing to subject themselves to the same deprivation. In fact, they were only anxious to close the public-house for her, but not for themselves. If Mr. Somes himself had been in Madagascar, he could not have put the Puritan notion of discouraging drunkenness with more faultless accuracy. There must be something in the French theory that these disturbances have been brought about by English agency. A Peace Party making war to propagate their views, and a Temperance party whose only idea of fostering sobriety consists in forcing it upon others while they themselves are free, form a combination of moral phenomena which only an English inconsequence of thought could produce.

The revolution appears likely to leave a permanent impress upon the form of Government. It has come just in time to stop that gradual reduplication which is the common fate of royal power in semi-civilized countries. Authority was gradually passing into the hands of a nominal subordinate. The dignity of prime minister had become hereditary; and though in name receiving his orders from the king, and responsible to him for their execution, yet the king could not remove him, and he had the power of raising an armed force without the king’s leave. He was rapidly becoming a Tycoon, or a Mair du Palais. If matters had gone on as they were going for another generation or so, there would have been two kings—the phantom heir of a great ancestry, and the real depositary of power. King Radama II. evidently desired, before he became quite a *roi fainéant*, to make one struggle for his independence. He has paid for the effort with his life. The Prime Minister has made the discovery that an unreal sovereignty is best vested in a woman; and, for a time, it is possible that the compromise will last. But he is not likely, after this experience, to allow the sceptre to pass into other hands which may be less docile. He will probably be driven into compassing a change of dynasty, if the adherents of the murdered king, and the foreign influence he favoured, do not succeed in contriving a counter-revolution. Whether the French papers are right or not in asserting that an English hand is traceable in these events, there can be little doubt that the French agents will act upon that assumption. They will struggle, by intrigue and conspiracy, to recover the position that conspiracy has wrested from them; and in their efforts will probably bring about some kind of civil war. The Emperor Napoleon has a great vocation of appeasing intestine commotion by seizing the prize for which the combatants are quarrelling; and it is not impossible that before long Madagascar will be added to the list of places in which the *mission civilisatrice* of France has found a scope, and the superfluous energy of the Zouaves has found a salutary outlet.

THE TOURNAMENT AT CREMORNE.

THE lessee of Cremorne has ventured on the hazardous experiment of exhibiting a theatrical procession in the daytime. There are many varieties of taste as to what constitutes loveliness in woman, but nevertheless it will probably be agreed that the charms of the Queen of Beauty who presides over the Tournament at Cremorne are of that sort which require gaslight for their full perfection. The Royalty which holds its state at Ashburnham Hall is sadly in want of some rigid ceremonial or other contrivance by way of shelter from the vulgar gaze; for if spectators are allowed to approach the throne near enough to chaff the pages and maids of honour, it is inevitable that they will scrutinize impertinently the make-up of the most august personages. The company assembled to witness the opening of this tournament, on Wednesday afternoon, did not know exactly what they had to expect. There was a central platform, which remained vacant after the rows of seats on either side of it were filled. Several gentlemen had from time to time established themselves upon this platform as an eligible place for viewing the proceedings, and had been successively dislodged by whispered warnings from their friends that they would be mistaken for the Queen of Beauty if they remained. By this means, and with the help of a policeman, the space allotted for Royalty was kept tolerably clear; but as spectators were packed pretty close on either side of it, those spectators saw more of the manners of the highest life than perhaps they had ever seen before. It may be conjectured that some of those spectators had not the least suspicion, when they chose their places, that they would enjoy, among other advantages, the close proximity of a dozen or more of young ladies dressed in garments which custom attributes to the other sex. Such a spectacle is known to constitute one of the chief attractions of the masked balls which are sometimes given at the theatres, but at Cremorne, at six o’clock on a fine summer afternoon, it had perhaps a trifle of incongruity; and it would, at any rate, have been more seasonable when the shades of evening had descended over the romantic scene.

As Mr. E. T. Smith mentions in his advertisements that he has specially in view the amusement and instruction of “juveniles” by this performance, it might be interesting to inquire what an intelligent boy who had just been reading *Leahoe* thought of the Cremorne tournament, as compared with that of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It would be desirable that the object of this experiment should be placed opposite the throne, for otherwise youthful in-

telligence might be apt to exercise itself rather too actively upon the subject of the costumes and personal appearance of royal personages and their attendants. It may be hoped that Mr. E. T. Smith's attempt to represent "the days of ancient chivalry and notions of feudal grandeur" would not be wholly unsuccessful in impressing the boyish imagination. The horses, at any rate, were real, although it may be suspected that they were much more used to galloping upon tan or sawdust than upon turf. The riders did not, in general, do their work badly; and if they looked likely to prefer a pot of beer to a smile from the Queen of Beauty, it should be remembered that even Mr. E. T. Smith cannot restore the age of chivalry all at once. There was nothing in the feats of horsemanship very remarkable. Of course, there is a certain degree of merit in performing such feats in an unusual and cumbersome dress; but, in themselves, they were no more than the pupils of any good military riding-school ought to be able to perform with ease. Setting aside the disguises and the titles of knighthood of these riders, as belonging to the same category as the pomp of make-believe Royalty and the beauty of the train which followed it, there remains thus much of reality in the entertainment at Cremorne—viz. that several horsemen displayed moderate skill in exercises which are at once pleasing to behold and valuable as tests of efficient horsemanship. If it were possible for Mr. E. T. Smith to dismiss from his mind the examples of other managers who have gained the applause of the "enlightened populace" of Paris and Vienna—if he could persuade himself to dethrone the Queen of Beauty and to constitute a republic in Ashburnham Hall, and could arrange for the attendance of the ladies of the Queen of Beauty's court at a more congenial hour of the evening—if, in fine, Mr. E. T. Smith would trouble himself less about the "costumes and accoutrements of the period," and attend more to the essential character of the performances, it is probable that his success would not be smaller, and certainly it would be more legitimate than it is. The notion appears to prevail among managers that noise and show are a safer investment than talent of any kind; but although many people will tolerate a theatrical procession, there are very few probably who derive from it any pleasure except that of observing the absurd contrast between the assumed and the real position of the performers. It is, of course, an unusual privilege to sit upon what may be called a stage, and to converse with a young lady who, being in other respects unexceptionably mediæval, has substituted for the shoes of the period, which seem to have been monstrously ugly, a pair of neat modern boots. For those who got this sort of thing, and liked it, the Tournament at Cremorne would have been faultless; but other, and perhaps more numerous, spectators would have been better pleased if they could have been relieved from the necessity of taking their seats in Ashburnham Hall, and beginning to inhale its somewhat confined air nearly an hour before the performance actually began. Although perhaps Mr. E. T. Smith occasionally verges upon enthusiasm in the descriptions which he publishes of the beauty of the grounds and the quality of the refreshments at Cremorne, it is undeniable that an hour might have been spent far more agreeably in the garden than awaiting between walls and under a roof the marshalling of "men-at-arms, guards, heralds, trumpeters, halberdiers, knights, squires, banner-bearers, pages, retainers, jesters, king and queen, and queen of beauty, and all the usual guards and retinue," and thinking all the while that if the preliminaries took so long the tournament itself would not be concluded before dinner-time. It is only justice to what the advertisement calls "the entire superintendence" of Mr. E. T. Smith to own that this introductory procession was managed with considerable skill. The horses, being selected rather for experience and handiness in this line of business than for beauty, courage, or high breeding, did not disarrange the order, while at the same time they did not greatly enhance the splendour of the show. Minute attention seemed to have been paid to heraldic details; and there is no reason why perfection in this respect should not have been attained. It is easy to dress a common fellow in knightly trappings; but the difficulty is, to make him look in the least degree like a knight. In reference to the "entire superintendence" of Mr. E. T. Smith, it should be remarked that, although that gentleman's presence is doubtless highly necessary at the Tournament, it might advantageously be less conspicuous. Even a dog is entitled to have his day, and if you elevate a humble individual temporarily to the dignity of King, it is neither generous nor prudent of the king-maker to stand opposite to his puppet, observing the deportment of the sovereign and his consort, and the lords and ladies in attendance, and thinking, or causing it to be thought that he is thinking, of giving the Knight of England or France, or possibly His Most Gracious Majesty himself, what is vulgarly called "the sack." Of course everybody knows that, if one figure gorgeously arrayed in crown and robes is king, another figure dressed in a black coat and hat is king of kings. But it is useless to clothe a man in a little brief authority for the mere purpose of stripping it off again immediately. The illusion which Mr. E. T. Smith has contrived is not so perfect that he should venture himself to do anything that may interfere with it.

Such exercises as tilting at the ring or at the quintain, and throwing the javelin, are graceful in appearance, and useful as tests of horsemanship, and they involve none of those dangers to life or limb which might possibly cause some other feats of the tournament to be reckoned in the same class with those performances in which a fatal accident occurred recently at

Cremorne. If men and horses entered with full spirit into the contests of the lists, accidents, and sometimes serious ones, would be inevitable. But there is no danger to anybody in trying to carry away a suspended ring upon the point of spear or sword, unless, indeed, it be to the person who stands close to the post to which the rings are hung, ready to substitute fresh rings for those which are carried away. That person, however, appears to be gifted with the same immunity which is enjoyed on race-courses by those who collect sticks in dangerous proximity to the effigy of Aunt Sally. When a skilful horseman rides down the lists, carrying away two or three rings in his career, he earns a title to that which perhaps he does not greatly value—viz. a smile from the Queen of Beauty; and also he is made aware that the spectators admire in him a firm seat on horseback, and a steady hand. It is difficult, however, to say much in praise either of the encounters between single knights or of the *mêlée*. The courses were run without any attempt to strike an antagonist with the lance, which would have been too dangerous. The lances were pointed upwards, and merely crossed like swords, as the knights passed each other. One or two lances were thus broken, and one or two forced from the hands which held them; but no other harm was done. The encounters with swords were in the style of terrific combats on the stage, where, to prevent unpleasant consequences, it is arranged that nobody shall strike until he sees his opponent ready to guard, when he lays on heartily in the full assurance that he can do no mischief, and looking to receive, in turn, equal courtesy from the other side. It is astonishing what spirit is imparted to a battle by satisfying the combatants that they cannot be hurt. There were, it must be confessed, one or two knights dismounted in the *mêlée*; but as they did not tumble until they had picked out a soft place to fall upon, their limping off, supported between attendant squires, must be regarded as a device to render the engagement more real and pleasant to the spectators. It would, however, be only fair if the dismounted knights were allowed to explain that they unshipped themselves to enhance the general effect, just as an Oxford boat's-crew lately informed the world that they were capsized intentionally for the gratification of distinguished guests of the University. Perhaps the hottest battle of the day arose among a troop of clowns, gaily dressed in parti-coloured clothes, who belaboured one another heartily with inflated bladders, which, being quite harmless, could be used with less reserve than sword or lance. But the really interesting part of the performance was tilting at the ring, and dropping the javelin upon targets laid upon the ground. Such performances would be most conveniently exhibited on the turf and in the open air; and perhaps they might not be altogether unworthy of attention even if unadorned by the presence, and uncheered by the smiles, of a Queen of Beauty and her Court. Something of the kind used to form a minor part of the exhibition of athletic games, held some years ago at Holland Park. When similar exhibitions are got up, as they sometimes are, by Volunteer corps, it might be worth considering whether some of the features of the Cremorne tournament might not form an agreeable addition to the programme. Well-drilled dragoons and lancers ought to manage the feats of the tilt-yard very neatly, and if skilful performers were assured of present applause and future beer, they would do many things worth looking at, as well as practising by those who have the opportunity. On the whole, Mr. E. T. Smith deserves credit for his Tournament, although some Englishmen will differ from the "enlightened populace" of Paris and Vienna in their estimate of the comparative value of pageants of mock royalty, and feats of equestrian skill.

STONE AND STUCCO.

IN his excellent speech on the Exhibition Buildings, Lord Elcho had the opportunity of making one of those telling remarks which express something that has been long in many men's minds, but has hitherto not found a public voice. Every one knows that when powerful private writers or speakers—as Carlyle, or Coleridge, or Ruskin—have been for some time teaching the world, they effect in taste, or politics, or religion, as the case may be, a silent revolution; which, however, in England, from our peculiarly deferential fashion of treating all existing modes of thought, may linger for a while, as it were, unrecognised officially, though in practice it underlies much of what people do or say. The new custom grows up within the old, but there is a kind of *suppression veri* on the subject; and no one cares openly to confess that the time has come for accepting a rational reform. There is much in this deference which deserves a better name than that of cant, or effete conservatism, which the zeal of the apostles of a new faith sometimes leads them to give it. Men know that certain worn-out formulas are maintained by those who, in other ways or in former years, have "done the State good service;" and it may not be worth while, without pressing reason, to give them the painful shock of finding that the age has outgrown them. We are all now aware that to the late Duke of Wellington was owing much of this forbearance in regard to many important details of military organization. We are not less aware that, in regard to some matters, our respected Premier may be classed with that great chieftain. One of these is architecture. In his speech of Thursday week, Lord Elcho handled this matter with that good taste which, we think, is never more in place than when taste is itself the subject of discussion. Yet, in the public interest, it was an occasion for speaking out, and for doing what could be

done to save us (if we are indeed yet finally saved) from the perpetuation of a building against which general opinion has emphatically pronounced itself. This led to the remark to which we have referred—that everywhere, except in certain official recesses which stand as the type for minds stereotyped by age and habit, people are no longer satisfied to walk in the ways of forty or fifty years since, or to accept the domestic architecture of the Georgian era as the *ultima ratio* of Englishmen. Lord Elcho said:—

A great change was now taking place in the spirit of British architecture. An earnest, truthful school was springing up, which abhorred pretences, and used only bricks, stone, marble, and such materials as looked what they really were. Although the rays of the lamp of truth had not yet penetrated the gloom of Downing Street, they were shed on buildings of all kinds, from churches down to warehouses and shops; and he did not despair of seeing a new London, at once truthful and picturesque in its architecture, rise on the ruins of the dead conventionalities and stucco shams of the present period.

We do not mean that what some one has called “the battle of the styles” is concluded. Taste still differs upon this point, on which no impartial man, who has any real interest in art, will deny that much may be said for Greek, Renaissance, and Gothic. The set of opinion has, no doubt, been for some time steadily towards the last-named style—at first from mixed feelings of religious and æsthetic preference, but now very much on the sounder reasons indicated by Lord Elcho. Gothic is the style which is most possible in England without recourse to shams and imitative deceptions. If not in itself a more “truthful architecture” than the Greek, it is at least much more truthful when worked out in English materials and beneath an English sky. Yet, until our many excellent architects solve the really vital problem, and build us new streets, in the west and east ends of London alike, in a genuine and serviceable Gothic, we cannot regard the war as settled, or the time reached even for official intervention. Meanwhile, that tastes should differ on the point of style—that we should have, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, more than one teacher claiming to be the sole infallible judge of architecture—is, we submit, no reason at all why any one should leap to the conclusion that taste on this subject has no real existence, or be thankful that he is without it. When men cease to have opposite views on politics, and political economy, and religion, and everything else, it may be time to argue that the existence of opposite views on art is a ground for general disbelief that there is a right and a wrong in art. On this principle, we ought to feel satisfaction in being utterly without any theological or political creed at all. But we do not intend here to enter on the large question of the grounds of taste. Like painting, as Tintoret said, “it is an immense ocean, and grows deeper the further one goes into it.” We propose simply to take one of the points raised in the recent discussion, and to show that the censure on stucco, which the House has combined with a censure on South Kensington, rests on an equally rational foundation.

It is probably not necessary to expend many words on stucco as an element of external beauty. Even Lord Palmerston gained no cheers when he quoted Pall Mall as a generally admired example; and it is scarcely worth while to point out that it is only the earliest and least satisfactory of the clubs which, in fact, are stuccoed at all. The Reform, the Carlton, the Oxford and Cambridge, and the Army and Navy are all executed in stone; and the first two are admirable specimens of that material. Plaster, in fact, has never ranked but as a substitute for stone; and, as the geological position of London has hitherto rendered the use of stone expensive, plaster, within proper limits, is an inevitable substitute. Those limits are admirably laid down by Mr. Ruskin, in the eloquent though fantastic volume from which Lord Elcho made a very impressive quotation. Stucco is only wrong when it aims at being a deceptive imitation. But then it is always wrong. We remember hearing Lord Macaulay, at a table well known for wit and hospitality, laugh at Mr. Ruskin's rules on this subject. He said, correctly, that the author of the *Lamps of Architecture* excused gilding on the ground that “gold was a film.” What was plaster but a film? he asked with that good-humoured air of triumph which, indeed, few men were more entitled to assume. Yet we venture to think that Macaulay's argument was altogether wrong, from omitting Ruskin's corollary. The “film,” he argues, is partly justifiable in gold, because, from the value of gold, no one is likely ever to be deceived by gilding. It is unjustifiable in stucco, because stucco, as generally used, aims expressly at deceiving every one. It is by this simple test—truthfulness, that we try and condemn it. And it will be seen that this test, as will be uniformly found to be the case with all rational rules of art, has nothing to do with taste in the vulgar or irrational use of the word. It is matter of common sense, not of some visionary æsthetic theory.

The *Times*, in the portentous volleys of noise by which it endeavoured to cover its conspicuous failure to carry through the cause of South Kensington, did its best to darken this point by a vague appeal to authority. It informed us that, after all, stucco was supported by ancient usage—that it was employed at Pæstum and at Rome. Now, even if we could admit for one moment the transparent absurdity that ancient blunders are a defence for modern blunders, we should still have to join direct issue with the leading journal. All we know of Pæstum is that the columns appear to have been thinly coated with a very fine and durable plaster. We are justified, by all that we know of the Greeks, in saying that the reason for its application

was, not deceptive imitation of marble, but the preservation of the porous volcanic stone employed—a purpose the success of which has been shown by the comparative durability of the oldest temple. And, as to the Romans (whom no one, we should imagine, but such a writer, could have appealed to on a question of architectural taste), we defy any one to give an instance of the use of stucco in their public buildings except for its legitimate use—a covering for rough masonry, treated and decorated as plaster.

A moment's consideration, we think, will make the difference on which Mr. Ruskin and Lord Elcho based their argument clear, even to the most benighted inhabitant of Downing Street. The right use of stucco is that which we see every day within our houses—as a convenient surface for patterning, painting on, or colouring. It may be used without our houses, with equal correctness, after the fashion in which the Gothic, the Roman, and, probably, the Greek builders used it, as a weather protection for the wall, and, at the same time, an element of colour. Any old timber and pargetted house in the north-western counties supplies an illustration; indeed so late as to the time of Charles I. many pleasing specimens were produced everywhere where stone did not abound. Often, with equal and perfect legitimacy on the score of taste, the plaster was decorated with raised patterns, and formed into a kind of diaper. Why, it will be asked, should so much stress be laid on what seem only small details? Are such large words as truthfulness and falsehood to be laid out on the way in which plaster is spread on a wall? Certainly. If not law, truth and taste, at any rate, care *de minimis*. It is, apparently, but a very slight step indeed which, for diapered lines, substitutes straight lines. But it is not a slight step which makes all that the eye can see of miles of city a continual effort at deception. The wish to make lime and cement look like Portland stone is just as vulgar as the wish to make electrotyped plate be taken for gold plate. We all smile at Caleb Balderstone in the *Bride of Lammermoor* when he rubs up the pewter flagon as near silver as he can. “I think it might pass, if they winna bring it over muckle in the light o' the window.” It is just as childish, but a great deal more unpleasant and bad for public taste, when Messrs. Cubitt or Kelk, after building excellent solid houses in one of the most lasting of materials, and one highly susceptible of true ornament and beauty, try to plaster them as near stone as they are able. For not only are we hampered for ever with an ugly, untruthful, and expensive surface always in want of wash and paint, but, with the untrue surface, as every architect knows, comes the necessity to conform the whole design to the same imitative and deceptive idea. Hence our miles of frightful pediment, and bald doorway, and comfortable porch, all because we are trying to imitate in brick and stucco the style of construction which is only proper for stone. The result is Belgrave Square, or Queen's Gate, which, with Captain Fowke's own stuccoed designs for the International, we are quite satisfied to abandon to the perhaps ironical panegyric of the Premier, and the rampant ecstasies of Printing House Square, hectoring and hallooing a sceptical nation into proper appreciation of architectural hideousness.

Let us turn back to art once more from this atmosphere of sophism and false pretence. The writer we have already referred to sums up the case of stone against stucco in a few words which will well bear repeating after Lord Elcho:—

Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honour disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; which pretends to have cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall, rather; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants Integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

HAPPY is the nation which has no history. If the same rule applies in operatic matters, Mr. Gye's season bids fair to be one of the most fortunate on record. Night after night the old operas and the old singers have filled the play-bills of Covent Garden, and scarcely any attempt has been made to redeem the promises of the prospectus. In the early part of the season, three of the long array of new singers, on whom Mr. Gye very wisely said he “would offer no comment,” did certainly appear. Madlle. Fioretti, as we then reported, was a most valuable addition, and each succeeding part only showed her admirable qualities of voice and style in a more brilliant light; but the best singer who has appeared since Madame Bosio mysteriously vanished some month since, and her place knows her no more, and what is worse, her place knows no one as an efficient substitute. Then, to replace Tamberlik in *Guglielmo Tell*, we had Signor Caffieri, of whom it will be sufficient to say that it was almost an insult to the patience of the subscribers that he should have been suffered to sing where nor but first-rate artists ought to be heard. Of Madlle. Demi it is impossible to speak, because, although she appeared one night in *Martha*, she was unable, either from nervousness or incapacity, to sing a note audible beyond the orchestra. We wait, and suppose we shall continue to wait, for Madlle. Lucca, of whom something was expected; and for Signor Ferenesi, who it was hoped might turn out

a good tenor—one of the manifest requirements of the company; and for several ladies whose names we read from the prospectus as we write, but whose acquaintance we despair of making in any other way. Nor, in the production of new works and the revival of old ones, has there been any stricter adhesion to the prospectus on the faith of which subscribers took boxes and stalls. The force of destiny has been too strong for Signor Verdi's new opera, although Madame Didiée, Signor Graziani, and Signor Tamberlik are all ready, and we dare say eager, to add to the laurels they acquired at St. Petersburg. We all anticipated a treat from Signor Mario's representation of that most gentlemanly of brigands, Fra Diavolo; and a two years' abstinence would have given fresh zest to the humour of Signor Ronconi's Lord Allcash; nor could Madlle. Patti have a better opportunity for the display of her peculiar talent than as Zerlina. All such hopes, however, although held out in Mr. Gye's programme, seem meant for the eye, not for the ear. Where, too, is *Orfeo*, which was to have been revived in the month of June? where *Les Huguenots*? where *La Figlia*? where *L'Éclair d'Amore*, with Signor Mario's resumption of the part of the rustic lover Nemorino? and, chief of all, will *L'Étoile du Nord* rise to lighten our musical darkness, or has it set for this season, at all events, if not for ever? We have heard complaints, in not very measured terms, of the total disregard of all the promises made at the beginning of the season. In fact, the only novelty, besides Madlle. Fioretti, has been Madlle. Patti's attempt upon serious opera, without, as we think, much success. Neither her performance of Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, nor of Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*, will advance her reputation. Her singing this season has much improved in sustained passages, and she avoids a perpetual use of the staccato method of executing her ornaments; but we doubt whether she can ever succeed in parts of strong passion. In the *Trovatore*, her gestures and tones in the last act struck us as pettish, not passionate; and her walk alone is sufficient to destroy any tragic effect. Signor Mario's acting and singing in this opera are marvellous. How he contrives, with so little voice as he now has, to produce the effect he does, is a mystery which rising tenors would do well to fathom. Ninetta, in the *Gazza Ladra*, demands greater depth and richness of voice than Madlle. Patti possesses; and her acting has nothing of the tragic earnestness with which Madame Grisi invested the part. These two assumptions of Madlle. Patti, with the appearance of M. Obin as Bertram, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, have been the only crumbs of novelty which, up to the beginning of the present month, Mr. Gye thought proper to throw to the hungry subscribers.

Something, however, has at last been done. The unexampled success of *Faust*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, has at last stirred up Mr. Gye to give us his version of M. Gounod's opera. One advantage, in having the original Marguerite, Madame Carvalho, for whom M. Gounod expressly composed the part, Covent Garden already possessed; and the magnificent stage of the theatre gave every opportunity for placing before the public a spectacle which should rank with *The Huguenots*, *The Prophet*, *Massaniello*, or any other of those famous pageants with which the frequenters of Covent Garden are familiar. Throwing over, therefore, all idea of adhering to his programme, in which no mention of M. Gounod was made, Mr. Gye has produced *Faust* with a splendour and completeness for which he deserves every credit. Having so recently entered with some particularity into the character of M. Gounod's music, we are now spared the necessity of minute description; but we are happy to find that more intimate acquaintance with the opera increases the interest with which it is heard. While, however, we think the opera the best that has appeared for the last ten years—not forgetting that *Dinorah* and *L'Étoile du Nord* have been produced within that period—still an inspection of the piano-forte score shows that M. Gounod's vein of melody is not abundant, and that he is inclined to some rather harsh intervals and painful modulations, as far as his singers are concerned. When the music is well sung, this effect is lost, or passes unobserved; but it is a fault which, if possible, M. Gounod should amend, more especially as there seems a sort of fascination in this kind of musical treatment, which hurries its votaries into the vaguest and crudest combinations of sounds. Wagner's early opera gave but slight indications of the extravagant theory which he has now adopted as the only correct principle of operatic composition; and a rapid, too rapid, development of his ideas may easily be traced, through *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, to his last absurdity *Tristan*. We do not, however, fear that M. Gounod will be thus induced to throw away all his popularity; and while he can write so deliciously for his orchestra, especially for the stringed instruments, his music will always command attention and give pleasure.

The distinguishing feature of the Covent Garden version is the restoration of the Cathedral scene, in the fourth act, to the place it occupies in the French version. The manner in which the exterior of the Cathedral is changed, on the death of Valentine, to the interior, is a masterly piece of scenic skill and contrivance; and the painting of the interior, and the massing of the groups of praying citizens, may be pronounced perfect. The appearance of Mephistopheles in a picture over a shrine of the Cathedral gives an effect to the music of this scene which it certainly loses under the arrangement which the small depth of the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre rendered necessary. We think a thoroughly satisfactory Marguerite has still to be found. There is much in Madame Carvalho's performance which is charming, but it leaves an impression of something wanting.

Her first appearance, and her delivery with meek up-turned eyes, of that graceful expressive phrase—

No, signor, io non son damigella ni bella,
E bisogno nom ho del braccio d'un signor—

raised expectations which she did not quite realize. A great deal must be allowed for a first performance in a strange language, and in so much larger a house than that in which she had just been singing this very character; but there seems a coldness, especially in the garden scene and in the last act, which we do not think can be attributed to these causes alone. There are passages in the music, too, which want the voice of Marguerite's representative at the rival house; and on the first night her intonation was by no means irreproachable. On the whole, however, Madame Carvalho's performance is a very artistic and finished representation of Marguerite, and when she becomes more at home in the language, the effect will probably be still better. Signor Tamberlik was evidently under a cloud on the first night, when his singing of Faust certainly left much to be desired; but he is too great an artist not to strengthen his weak points. The lovely tenor air in the garden scene, which we still think the gem of the opera, fell dead from his lips; but he gave the leading part in the duel trio with admirable energy and force. His acting was picturesque, and his bearing gave an excuse to Marguerite which she wants at Her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Didiée sang the pretty little air, also to be found in the garden scene, "Parlalele d'amor" very charmingly; and one in the fourth act composed expressly for her by M. Gounod equally well; and although Siebel is a small part, Madame Didiée made the most of it by her spirited representation. Signor Graziani's charming quality of voice had one of the best opportunities of display that he has enjoyed for some time. The part has several of M. Gounod's most graceful and catching phrases of melody. The opening address to his sister's medallion, the driving away of Mephistopheles, and the duet and finale in the fourth act—in each and all of these Signor Graziani sang beautifully. His acting was very good, especially in the duel scene. Signor Tagliafico, with his accustomed self-denial when the interests of the theatre require it, assumed the trifling part of Wagner, and gave it that prominence which he alone has the knack of giving to any character whether there are two or two thousand bars to sing. M. Faure's Mephistopheles is decidedly the most striking feature of the Covent Garden cast. In speaking of M. Gounod's music when *Faust* was produced at Her Majesty's, we complained of the want of demoniacal character in the phrases given to Mephistopheles. Either we were in error, or M. Faure has discovered a method of singing the part which completely removes that objection. In his mouth they have a quiet, dry, hard irony and humour, than which nothing can be better. It is difficult to single out any piece from a performance so excellent and remarkable as M. Faure's; but perhaps the serenade in the fourth act showed his power of imparting colour to the music in as high a degree as any. His acting is admirable. Nothing better has been seen for some time on the operatic stage than his gestures and facial expression during that noble burst in which the crowd drive him off with their swords held up as crosses. His humour in the garden with Marta must be seen to be appreciated. His costume was excellent, and the idea of keeping a red light full on his face during the whole of the first act, wherever he moves, is both new and ingenious. In short, both by his acting and singing in the part, M. Faure has largely added to his already high reputation. The opera has been put upon the stage with a profuse liberality remarkable even at this house; and the colours of the dresses are combined with admirable taste and skill. The stage business, too, of the large masses of people is managed with great ease, and, in several parts of the opera, with an absence of conventionality that is very refreshing. Everything went with great smoothness, and it is needless to say how the orchestra and chorus of Covent Garden executed their share of M. Gounod's work. *Faust* having been brought out at so late a period, we fear we can hardly look for another grand opera, although three were set down in the prospectus for production, but we do hope that some of the minor promises may yet be redeemed.

THE THEATRES.

AT present, the London stage is, in a great measure, under foreign domination. Not only do the two Italian opera-houses vie with each other, but Madame Ristori fills up the intervals left by the lyric performances at Her Majesty's Theatre; a new French actress, named Stella Colas, plays Juliet at the Princess's, with all the advantage of a foreign accent; and Mr. Fechter remains, unchanged and unchangeable, at the Lyceum. Against this formidable array of foreign talent, the national party is chiefly represented by Lady Gifford's comedy, in which Mr. Wigan plays a Frenchman; by Mr. Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave*, which is adapted from the French; and by a dramatized version of Mr. Charles Dickens's *Haunted Man*, in which the principal personage is—a ghost.

Of Madame Ristori we need not say much. Her characters have chiefly been those in which she has already earned the admiration of the public, and have been judiciously selected so as to allow the most varied forms for the exhibition of her genius. But it is worthy of remark, that while the great qualities of the actress are the same as ever, the ability to appreciate her merits seems more widely diffused among the London public. When, a few years

since, she performed at the St. James's Theatre, her patrons were so few that, even in that small house, they made a miserably scanty appearance. It seemed as though her attractive power during her first engagement at the Lyceum had simply depended on the novel character of the performance, and that, the novelty having ceased, people did not want to see anything more of Italian tragedy. But this season, although her absence from London has not been long enough to gain for her a fresh novelty, her performances are steadily followed by an audience that makes a very respectable figure even in the large *salle* of Her Majesty's Theatre. Like Madlle. Rachel in former days, Madame Ristori has the disadvantage of appearing in a series of plays which do not especially appeal to English sympathies, and of being surrounded by actors who, whatever the characters they sustain, do not awaken a spark of interest, with the additional drawback that Italian is a language infinitely less familiar than French. But all these obstacles are apparently surmounted by the great actress, and there seems every chance that, like Madlle. Rachel, she will become a fixed institution, and that her performances will constitute a regular item in the programme of the London season.

With one newpiece she has made the London public acquainted—namely, the domestic drama *Deborah*, written by Mosenthal for the ostensible purpose of giving one of those grand lessons of religious liberalism which the Germans are so fond of receiving. The English, on the other hand, are not in the habit of looking to the stage for instruction on any subject even remotely connected with religion, whatever the tendency of the instruction may be. A tragedy representing Archbishop Laud as the holiest of human beings, and ending with his visible ascent to the regions of bliss, would vainly court the patronage of the highest of High Churchmen. A sensation scene representing Exeter Hall in full debate on the fertile theme of the Protestant Alliance would but weakly attract the constituents of the May meetings; nor would Mr. Spurgeon exhort his congregation to encourage a drama in which the superior efficacy of immersion was rendered indisputable by the united talents of the poet, the actor, and the painter. Hence, the German play *Deborah*, though it has been caught up by Madame Ristori, and translated into Italian by one Signor Cerri, and though an English version of it has been performed in America, has never been seized upon by our London managers. The very pretty dramatic story, all about love and desertion, which constitutes the plot of the piece, would seem to be the very thing for a modern audience; but unfortunately, the lady in whom the interest concentrates is less conspicuous as a wronged woman than as a persecuted Jewess, and, being the daughter of a rabbi, she chooses the most theological expressions for the utterance of her woes.

In reference to these expressions, we cannot help remarking on the effect of a foreign language as an anodyne diminishing the acuteness of moral susceptibility. *Deborah*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, went on talking about the Archangels, Raphael, Gabriel and Uriel, the coming Messiah, specified as the Son of David, the God of Israel, the God of the Christians, the Prophet Elias and Mount Sinai; and people who would have turned pale if they had heard all this in English, listened to her with the utmost complacency, though Mr. C. L. Kenney's translation of the play, open in every hand, rendered ignorance impossible. We are not here entering upon the broad question as to whether or not the mention of sacred persons and things is to be tolerated upon the stage, but merely call attention to the strange fact that a nation's most distinctive prejudices do not apparently follow it into a foreign language. A French tragedian might say, "O Dieu" every ten minutes with perfect impunity before the very audience which would be shocked if an English actor did not confine his adorations, like the most ancient Chinese, to the impersonal "Heaven."

Madlle. Stella Colas, the new Juliet at the Princess's, who has come hither armed with good testimonials from the Théâtre Français at Paris and the French Theatre at St. Petersburg, has achieved a remarkable success. That some folks have no objection to hear the language of Shakspeare delivered with an unmistakable foreign accent was decided in the case of Mr. Fechter; and, of course, it would be most ungallant, as well as unfair, to reverse the decision when a young lady would use it as a precedent. Indeed, we are of opinion that there are a few wisecracks who not only believe that "the thing we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but are inclined to think that the name "rose" is itself improved when pronounced "ose." In the earlier scenes of the play, Madlle. Colas charmed her audience by representing a very youthful Juliet, not unadorned with the coquettish graces of an accomplished *ingénue*; in the latter portion, she surprised them by a sudden display of tragic force, for which they had been by no means prepared. But really this fashion of encouraging the performance of Shakspeare's plays in broken English is seriously detrimental to the stage as a school of elocution.

The great success of Madlle. Colas has operated beneficially for Mr. Walter Montgomery, another new candidate for public favour, whose appearance had been expected in London during the whole of the present year, in consequence of an announcement at the foot of the Lyceum bills. Barred by the continued success of the *Duke's Motto* from showing himself as a Shakspearian actor, Mr. Montgomery recently quitted Mr. Fechter, and accepted an engagement under Mr. George Vining, the manager of the Princess's. This transfer of services was not approved by Mr. Fechter, who moved for an injunction against Mr. Montgomery's appearance at the Princess's, but did not obtain what he required. Now, though prestige is a good thing in its way, too loud a flourish of Fame's trumpet will sometimes prove an inconvenience. The legal

victory of Mr. Montgomery, proclaimed as it was in the Princess's bills, together with the announcement that he would play Othello, caused no little excitement. When Chancery is invoked to keep a gentleman in a condition of inaction, it is natural to infer that his active state is something remarkable. Expectations, therefore, were high when the new Othello made his *début*; but we can scarcely say that these expectations were realized. Mr. Montgomery has a good voice and figure, walked well and spoke correctly; but while he showed all the qualities that command respect, he displayed none of those that kindle enthusiasm. Four days afterwards Madlle. Stella Colas appeared, and Mr. Walter Montgomery played the Romeo to her Juliet. Placed in a much less responsible position as the devoted lover than as the agonized husband, Mr. Walter Montgomery not only proved an efficient support to the play, but had all the advantage of participating in the triumph of the actress. It is not often that an aspirant, damped in his hopes of becoming a star of the first magnitude, is so speedily established as a valuable leading actor.

The ghost at the Adelphi is an appliance of the optical illusion that for several months has drawn crowds to the Polytechnic Institution, to the illustration of a dramatic performance. Flesh-and-blood ghosts can only descend through traps, or rise by means of ropes or wires; but the new spectre, produced by a reflecting surface, can either go out suddenly like the extinguished flame of a candle, or can become more and more shadowy till it melts into thin air, which, by the way, is quite as thick as itself. It can, moreover, be struck at without being hit, and does not necessarily render invisible the articles of furniture before which it stands. Altogether, it is a very wonderful, unearthly, unreal ghost, whose visitations are relieved by the extremely real acting of Mr. and Mrs. Tetterby by Mr. Toole and Miss Woolgar. Nothing can be more accurate than the representation by these admirable artists of the feelings, amiable and otherwise, connected with that state of poverty which may not become abject, but, on the contrary, is forced to keep something like a decent appearance. It is as though the manager of the theatre wished to bring the natural and the preternatural into the sharpest possible contrast with each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have now finally taken leave, not only of London, but of England, having very shortly before their departure read portions of *King John* and recited some narrative poems at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Shakspeare Fund. That the play would be admirably read, was a matter of course, but the recital of the poems revealed an entirely new talent, of which the Londoners knew nothing, save by report from the provinces. Professor Aytoun's "Execution of Montrose," and Lord Macaulay's "Horatius Cocles," delivered by Mr. Kean with the fervour of a rhapsodist and the discrimination of an actor, carried along the feelings of all who heard them with the force of a hurricane. The applause denoted not only admiration, but surprise. The audience felt as if, by some unaccountable spell upon their imaginations, they had first been dragged through the streets of Edinburgh, and afterwards ducked in the Tiber; and when all was over and they found themselves on their comfortable seats, they scarcely knew what to make of it. The Oriental potentate who dipped his head for a moment into a tub of water, and in that moment went through all sorts of adventures, has so often been referred to for illustrative purposes that one hardly likes to mention him again; but still his condition so naturally represents that of the people at St. James's Hall, that we resort to it as to an accepted commonplace. Altogether, the Londoners have fair cause to quarrel with Mr. Kean. Why, like Lord Bateman, does "he ship himself on board of a ship, some foreign country for to see," immediately after revealing a talent which would have drawn crowds to every institute, town-hall, and assembly-room in every city, borough, and populous village of the United Kingdom?

REVIEWS.

MISS YONGE'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.*

MISS YONGE has here taken up a subject which is very naturally connected with the walk of literature in which she is best known. A novelist is always dealing with names in a way that nobody else is. An historian has the names of his characters made ready to hand; a novelist has to make them for himself. The author of a large number of fictitious stories must be constantly choosing names for his characters, and must, therefore, be often examining various names and thinking about them. This, with a person of any sort of reflection, may very well lead to a more scientific study of the subject of names. The process of name-choosing through a long series of tales seems to have had this effect with Miss Yonge; or rather, to judge from her preface, the two processes seem to have been for a long time going on side by side. Any how, she has turned her studies in the world of nomenclature to very good account. The book is essentially a good one, and it has its ground pretty well to itself. At least, we know of no book which has gone through the whole subject of Christian names in so thorough and systematic a manner. And, we might add, we have never seen the subject of surnames, which has attracted so many more writers,

* *History of Christian Names*. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Landmarks of History," &c. 2 vols. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1863.

nearly so well handled as that of Christian names is here handled by Miss Yonge. Still, after all, both are only branches of one subject, and both, along with the history of names of places, deserve to be thoroughly sifted and scientifically dealt with by some scholar of the first order. But Miss Yonge has made an excellent beginning. It is very seldom that we meet with an essentially popular work so well done.

It would hardly be fair to subject a book written under such circumstances to the same sort of criticism as if it were the production of some grave scholar who had passed all his days in libraries. But, as far as the general scope and arrangement of the book goes, Miss Yonge could quite stand the strictest test. Strictly original research, indeed, she for the most part disclaims; but we think we can detect a little more of it than she professes, and, at any rate, it is clear that she has everywhere tried to keep up with the latest advances of knowledge and to make use of the newest lights. The general plan of the work is thoroughly good, and Miss Yonge shows throughout a degree of judgment as well as of knowledge very much above the average. And we do not at all think the worse of the book because it is throughout essentially feminine—because it is full of thoughts, sayings, and turns of expression which never could have proceeded from a male scholar. Nor are we inclined to do anything worse than smile at a few little touches which reflect the writer's peculiar political and ecclesiastical notions. In fact, they make the whole thing more lively and genuine. When we say "lively," we mean in a good sense, very different from that frightful professional liveliness which cannot write a single straightforward sentence. Miss Yonge writes almost always in clear and unaffected English.

The faults of the book seem to us to be wholly owing to lack of revision. A novelist may perhaps be forgiven for forgetting that a work of this sort must be written much more slowly, and revised much more carefully, than we suppose is needful for a mere story. Miss Yonge is much too clear-headed for positive blunders; but her book contains a large stock of minor slips and inconsistencies which would have vanished at even a superficial revision by a thorough scholar, or even at a very careful one at the hands of the writer herself. That lack of revision is the origin of these slips is clearly proved by the number of places where serious printer's errors are allowed to remain. Among these we are charitably disposed to place the frightful look of Miss Yonge's Greek. Of real mistakes there are not many, though there are a few, but the accents are at least as often wrong as right, and a great many words are unkindly burdened with two accents at once. But, besides Greek, there are several sentences of plain English which have been made meaningless by errors which are evidently due to the author in no other sense than that she has failed to correct them on her proof-sheet. When we read of "Tanquil, the modern Roman matron, patroness of all other married dames," we venture at once to read "model," but we fancy that some readers may be a good deal puzzled. The following bit is harder. It is clear that the word "Publius" ought to come after the full stop, instead of before it; but still, even this does not make matters quite straight:—

Vergilius, as Virgilius was formerly spelt, is clearly a shoot of the same spring, likewise a diminutive with only the change Publius. Virgilius Maro, the poet who made Virgil a word in all men's tongues, was only a Roman by adoption.

With this before us, we are content to let the printer in for a part of the blame of such nightmare-looking words as *γῆ, ποσειδων, χελων, Ερροποννη, Αστραπη, Αιδων, Εδδωρη, cum multis aliis*.

The relation of the Christian name to the surname is incidentally touched on by Miss Yonge in several places, but it might easily be worked out more at length. Some nations have never adopted surnames; their nearest approach to them is the mere patronymic. But wherever hereditary surnames have been introduced, they seem always to have had a tendency gradually to eat out the personal names in ordinary speech. The original use of a surname was to distinguish between people bearing the same personal name. Afterwards, the personal name comes to be used merely to distinguish between persons bearing the same surname. Kings and Princes, younger sons of Dukes and Marquises, and Baronets and Knights, are the only people lucky enough to retain the Christian name on all occasions. Among women, if Earls' daughters keep it while their brothers do not, this fact is balanced by the modern loss of it by the wives of Baronets and Knights. In all other cases, the Christian name is added only either in formal descriptions or when distinction between two persons is necessary. That is to say, we introduce a man solemnly as John Smith, but we go on speaking of him as Smith, except it be necessary specially to distinguish him from his brother James. But in early times John was called John, and the Smith was not added except when it was wanted to distinguish John Smith from John Taylor. In England and France this might be attributed to the feeling which tries to drop personality on all occasions, which, instead of "I," says "the writer of these lines," and which uses "Monsieur" as a substitute for "vous," just as "vous" itself is a substitute of the same kind for "tu." But we find just the same phenomenon in old Rome, where the same feeling can hardly account for it. The nomen drives out the prænomen, and then the cognomen drives out the nomen. Then too, in late times, cognomens, as Nero and Drusus, were used as prænomena, just as people are now called Sidney and Montagu by way of Christian names. Or a name may go backwards and forwards from one use to the other. The gens Cæcilia implies Cæcus or Cæculus as a lost prænomen; Cæcilius is preserved as an

Italian personal name Cecilio; it comes into England as Cecil, becomes the surname of a great family, and thence is again revived as a Christian name. If, indeed, as is perhaps more likely, the Cecil family took their name from Cæcilia rather than Cæcilius, we still have the same string of changes, with the further addition of a change of sex. But let us hear Miss Yonge on the subject, from which we have wandered a little:—

The simple Christian name of Kings and Queens stands above all their titles, and for many years in Italy, the Christian name was the usual address to all persons of all ranks, as it still continues to be in Russia, where the simple baptismal name with the patronymic is the most respectful address from the servant to the noble. The concealment of the Christian name under titles and surnames gradually began to prevail in France under the Bourbon dynasty, and by the reign of Louis XIV. had so prevailed that territorial designations were exclusively used by all who could lay claim to gentle birth or to wealth; and from the earliest age, children were called Monsieur de, or Mademoiselle de—their father's various titles or estates—the juniors coming down to the surname when all were exhausted by the elders, and the Christian name seldom allowed to appear even in the tenderest moments. It is only from their pedigree, not from the letters of the most affectionate of mothers, that we can learn that the son and daughter of Madame de Sévigné ever had Christian names at all, and it was only to the fact that she was the youngest of so large a family that even Mademoiselle d'Adhemar was no distinction, that "Pauline" owed it that she was thus known.

England never became quite so artificial, but it was probably to this French influence that it was owing that peers dropped the use of their Christian names even in their signature, and that it became usual to speak of the married ladies of a family as "my daughter Baxter" or "my sister Smith," while the graceful title of a knight's wife, Dame, with her Christian name, was discarded for my lady, and the unmarried woman's Mistress Anne or Mistress Lucy, became the unmeaning Miss; and after being foolishly called brevet rank and only used by old maids, has fallen into entire disuse.

The turn for simplicity that inaugurated the French Revolution gradually revived regard for the true personal name, rather than the formal title, and it assumed its natural place as a sign of familiarity and endearment.

Another fashion on which Miss Yonge is often severe is that of making women's names out of those of men. Of course we do not mean where the language supplies a real masculine and feminine—Sóses and Sósé, Cornelius and Cornelia, some tell us David and Dido. We mean the crop of Josephines, Ernestines, Charlottes, and what not, of which the last few centuries have been prolific. The most fearful name of the kind on record must surely be *Jamesina*, which, it appears from Miss Yonge, is borne by some unfortunate person, but the familiar *Louisa* is, if one comes to think about it, very nearly as bad. When Parisian tongues had gradually licked down the grand Teutonic Chlodwig into Loys and Louis, Louise formed a natural French feminine enough. Landed in England, it became subject to that strange law of the last century, by which everything feminine was expected to end in *a*—when Edith and Etheldred were called on to Latinize themselves as Editha and Etheldreda, and when, we suppose, *Ælla*, and *Cissa*, and *Ida*, and *Penda*, and *Offa* were all set down as so many queens. Thus, French Louise becomes Latin-English Louisa, though it is manifest that, if it was to end in *a*, the name ought to have been Ludovica, the name under which Louise of Savoy actually appears in Latin treaties. Much the same was the fate of Henriette, of which we will let Miss Yonge speak:—

The feminine seems to have been invented in the sixteenth century, probably in France, for Henriët Stuart appears in the House of Stuart d'Ansbome in 1583, and there were some Henriettes to match the Henris at the court of Catherine de Medicis. England received the name from the daughter of Henri IV, Henriette Marie, whom the Prayer Book called Queen Mary, though her godchildren were always Henrietta, so Latinized by their pedigrees, though in real life they went by the queen's French appellation, as well as English lips could frame it, so that Hawyot was formerly the universal pronunciation of Harriet, and is still used by a few old-fashioned people.

Miss Yonge's experience is not quite the same as our own. A sound which we cannot express by letters, but which certainly comes as near to "Hawyot" as to anything else, strikes us as being the pronunciation, not of "a few old-fashioned people," but of the mass of those who have either noble or Irish blood in their veins.

Another subject, which Miss Yonge works out very well throughout her book, is the way in which names supplant one another, and are confounded with, or mistaken for, one another. Thus, the Celts in particular, alike in Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands, have a strange way of identifying their own native names with names more familiar to other nations, even when they seem to have no sort of connexion either in sound or meaning. What has Cathal to do with Charles? and, still more, what has Tadhg to do with Timothy? It is with a more creeping sense of danger that we ask, with Miss Yonge, whether the saintly Elizabeth has or has not any connexion with the impious Jezebel? Elizabeth and Isabel are used interchangeably beyond all doubt, and who is Isabel? She comes to us from Spain. May she not have come thither in one or other of the two Semitic invasions which Spain has undergone? Hannibal is a name in Cornwall, which Miss Yonge believes to have been left there by the Phœnicians; but to believe this implies that one believes that there once were Phœnicians in Cornwall. But about Phœnicians in Spain there is no doubt; and may not Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal King of the Zidonians, have sent some of her namesakes with them? Certain it is that the real Semitic form, *Ḥizzel*, hardly differs at all from the modern name, and Gesenius undoubtedly affirms their identity. But, to leave this unpleasant subject of Jezebel, Miss Yonge is surely wrong when she says:—

The first Maria whom I can find of undoubted western birth was a Spanish maiden, who was martyred by the Moors at Cordova, in 851.

One of the wives — if they are so to be called — of the Emperor Honorius was Maria, the daughter of Stilicho. But of course it may be asked whether her name was the Christian Mary, or the Roman Maria of Marius. We do not, of course, mean that Stilicho was of the Marian *Gens*, for names were then utterly confused. Claudian shortens the *i*; but the *i* in the ecclesiastical Maria is also sometimes shortened, though the name, like other ecclesiastical names, is commonly pronounced according to its Greek accentuation, *Mapia*.

Miss Yonge has also a good deal to say about double Christian names. The earliest she quotes is Raymond Berenger, Count of Toulouse, in the thirteenth century; but Otto, Count of Burgundy, in the tenth, is spoken of as Otto William, and Charles Constantine, Count of Vienne, appears in the Chronicle of Frodoard, as early as 931. It would be worth inquiry whether these early examples are real baptismal names, or nicknames of any kind. Had Charles, for instance, anything to do with any of the towns called Constantia? But Frederick II. is said to have been called Frederick Roger, and Charles Roland was an undoubted son of Charles VIII. of France. Since then, the practice has gradually crept over the world, but it is very modern in England. We have just looked through a list of High Sheriffs from 1688 to 1861. The earliest double name is in 1700. The eighteenth century produces eleven, of which some (like that of 1700) are perhaps double surnames, as our list does not distinguish the two. The first unmistakable double Christian name, "Henry William," is in 1750. The nineteenth century has thirty-four double names (some, again, perhaps double surnames, but most of them evidently double Christian names) to twenty-eight single. But here, again, in the early part the single are the rule, and in the latter the double. In the first twenty years, out of twenty-one sheriffs only seven have double names; in the next twenty years, 1821—40, only nine out of twenty; but in the last twenty-one, 1841—61, the double names actually muster eighteen out of twenty-one. In fact, it is now the single name which is the singularity.

We could now and then find fault with a few of Miss Yonge's derivations. For instance, the German *trude* and the English *thrith*, as female terminations, whatever we make of either of them, are surely the same. Alfrude, whom the Normans marry to Hereward, is surely no other than Ælfthrith. Again, Miss Yonge in one place makes the last syllable of Chlodwig or Hludwig, *wig* = battle, which is clearly right; elsewhere she makes it *weh*, seemingly connecting it with *weihen*, to consecrate. And it is odd that Miss Yonge, who shows over and over again that she knows, as well as anybody, that the Karlings were pure Teutons, will still talk about "Pepin le Bref," and "Louis le Debonnaire," and degrades the "Major-Doms," the "Hausmeier," into a "Maire du Palais." Of all odd fancies, the oddest is to talk of a man neither in his own tongue nor in ours, but in one strange to both alike, and which, when he lived, was not yet invented.

We wonder whether Miss Yonge ever saw a very curious list of names, male and female, used in the Swabian Duchy, we do not know exactly when, as the manuscript from which it is taken is vaguely described as "vetustissimus." It may be found in the *Rerum Alemannicarum Scriptores*, by Melchior Goldastus (Frankfort, 1720), vol. ii. p. 95. Some extracts may also be seen in Stumpf's *Chronicle* (Zürich, 1548), p. 332. The comments of Goldast on the list would not have made a bad motto for Miss Yonge's book:—

Querat autem quispiam, cui bono esse possit, aut quid tandem nomina ita calluisse referat? Multum, mi homo: vel id in primis, ut qui hactenus viri et femine essent, ignorabantur, eos tu nunc queas internoscere. Qua in re sepe ab Historicis et Antiquariis peccatum. Præterea quum multa non raro nomina ex diversis inflexionibus diversarum quoque appellationum et originum putarentur, ea nunc paria eademque esse hic te Catalogus docebit.

Lastly, we do most unfeignedly wonder that Miss Yonge, who certainly knows something of the Old Testament, should fall into the vulgar error of writing *Methusalem* for *Methuselah*, as if it were wanted to make a rhyme to Jerusalem. It is the more wonderful as Miss Yonge is able, which few people are able, rightly to spell the name of the Giant of Gath. Still the blunder is at least six hundred years old; we find exactly the same form in the *Otia Imperialis* of Gervase of Tilbury, which may be found in the first volume of Leibnitz's Collection of Brunswick historians.

SCHWABE'S CATULLUS.*

THIS is the first instalment of what promises to be a very elaborate edition of Catullus. It contains fifteen chapters, in which everything relating to the personal history of the poet and those connected with him is examined, and an attempt made to clear up the various difficulties which present themselves in the course of the inquiry. In a second part, not yet published, the character of Catullus's genius, his style and metres, are to be discussed. Another volume is to follow, containing, in the first part, a new text with the most approved emendations, in the second a commentary.

The works of Catullus, as is well known, have come down to us in a very imperfect state. With the exception of one poem, the amœbean marriage song, following the celebrated epithalamium, which is found in a MS. of the tenth century now at Paris, no

copy of Catullus is known to exist earlier than 1375. If we consider that the Medicean codex of Virgil has been assigned to the fifth century, and the Ambrosian of Plautus to the fourth, we shall be able to estimate more fully the disadvantage with which an editor of Catullus must start. In fact, the text is in many places corrupt beyond all restoration, nor can we look for much from the future, unless, indeed, a new MS. be discovered in Pompeii, or a hitherto unsuspected palimpsest still lies perdu in one of the less explored libraries of Europe. The desperate condition of the text, however, has had one advantage—it has tempted the ingenuity of some of the greatest scholars that have ever lived, amongst them, Muretus, Scaliger, and Lachmann. The two former edited and wrote commentaries on Catullus. Lachmann confined himself to a critical revision of the MSS., the result being a text which has ever since remained the standard one, and seems likely to continue so. Since the publication of Lachmann's edition in 1829, little has been done to clear up the difficulties of Catullus, either in England or abroad, if we except the brief *Questiones Catullianæ*, and *Observationes criticæ* of Martin Haupt, Lachmann's pupil and successor at Berlin. Nor is it too much to say that no commentary of any value has appeared since that of Vulpius in the early part of the last century. It is not difficult to discover the cause of this. During the latter half of that century and the former part of this, the great writers of Greece absorbed the attention of scholars. It was then that Wolf first called attention to Homer, and raised that tremendous controversy which has raged ever since, and cannot yet be considered settled. Meanwhile, the dramatists were carefully studied, and the minutest niceties of their language and versification discriminated by a variety of students, of whom Porson and Hermann were the ablest and most representative. But the general change of literary feeling during this period—of which, indeed, the study of the Greek authors was but another expression—could not fail eventually to call attention to poets who, like Lucretius and Catullus, possessed in their freshness and natural vigour so much that was kindred to the best features of Greek art. Thus it was that Niebuhr ventured to contradict the verdict of eighteen hundred years and to place Catullus above Virgil—an exaggerated estimate, but quite in accordance with the feeling of the day. For a time, however, Latin authors were comparatively in abeyance. In the case of Catullus, the grossness of many poems was an extra reason for such neglect as is implied in the absence of commentaries. In England especially, where classical works are not likely to find much sale except such as are read in schools, Catullus has always fared very badly. We know of but one edition with English notes—that of Cookesley, published at Eton, and omitting all the poems in which there is any tinge of impropriety. This edition has been reprinted in America, with an introduction by Bristed, the author of *Five Years in an English University*.

The first two chapters of M. Schwabe's volume are employed in discovering the probable prenomen of Catullus as well as the years of his birth and death. In two others, all that can be ascertained about Lesbia is collected, and an attempt made to identify her with the celebrated Clodia. The seventh treats of the journey to Bithynia, the eighth of Catullus's brother and his death, the ninth of the epigrams written against Cæsar and his friends, the rest being devoted to the various persons mentioned by the poet, including Licinius Calvus, Cornelius Nepos, and Helvius Cinna. Finally, in the fifteenth chapter, the events of the poet's life are drawn out chronologically, and the poems assigned to their respective years. From this it will be seen that M. Schwabe has aimed high; in some cases, we think, he has outshot the mark. Few sensible readers are likely to believe in the possibility of discovering the precise date of each poem. It is not to be denied, indeed, that sometimes a poem contains its own date, at least approximately. The verses on Mamurra, for instance, could not have been written before the autumn of 55 B.C., the date of Julius Cæsar's first invasion of Britain. Again, the famous *Peninsularum Sirmio* was clearly written after the return of Catullus from Bithynia. But this specification is rare. In most cases M. Schwabe's arguments are based on very questionable hypotheses. Amongst the smaller poems is one of seven lines addressed to Cicero in gratitude for some service, and complimenting him as the first of advocates. It is so short that we venture to quote it in full:—

Disertissime Romuli nepotum
Quot sunt quotque fuer, Marce Tulli,
Quotque post alis erunt in annis,
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit pessimus omnium poeta,
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

M. Schwabe assumes (1) that the service for which Cicero is thanked is his defence of Cælius Rufus, when accused by Sempronius Atratinus, at the instigation of Clodia, of an attempt at murder; (2) that Catullus calls himself the worst of poets, because, in moments of infatuation, he had spoken well of so vile a woman as Clodia, whom M. Schwabe identifies with Lesbia. Hence, as Cicero's oration *pro Cælio* was delivered B.C. 56, the poem is assigned to that year. Another favourite mode of ascertaining dates employed by M. Schwabe is the *lex Villia*, which determined the age at which men might compete for public offices. No one might be prætor below the age of forty, or consul below the age of forty-three. Accordingly, as Appian Claudius Pulcher was prætor B.C. 57, and consul B.C. 54, we are justified in inferring that

* G. Valeri Catulli Liber. Ludovicus Schwabius recognovit et enarravit. Voluminis prioris Pars prior. Gissæ. 1862.

he could not have been born later than 97. M. Schwabe's inference is that he was born in 97. It is manifest how essentially uncertain such reasoning is, and M. Schwabe is himself aware of it; for later on he admits that L. Gellius may have been consul two or three years after that in which he was first eligible. This admission is fatal to all arguments of the kind, and vitiates much of M. Schwabe's chronology. It must not, however, be supposed that all his arguments are as weak as this. In many cases he has gone far towards proving his point. In determining the prænomens of Catullus, he is probably right in rejecting the *Quintus*, which is only found in three MSS. of late date, and has no ancient authority at all except a passage in Pliny's *Natural History*, where the *Q.* is suspicious as not existing in the most accredited MS., and is explicable on the ground of a mistake. On the other hand, the name *Gaius* is supported by Apuleius and the Eusebian chronicle. It is unfortunate that the testimony of the latter is somewhat shaken by an undoubted mistake occurring in this very notice. Hieronymus says that Catullus was born Ol. 173.2=B.C. 87, and died Ol. 180.4=B.C. 57. But we know from the poems that he was alive in the second consulship of Pompeius, B.C. 55, and the joke upon Licinius Calvus must be referred to the year in which he attacked Vatinius, B.C. 54. There is, however, nothing which proves that he survived that year, and it is unlikely that no notice should have been taken of the eventful period which followed by a man so full of keen interest in the affairs of the day as Catullus.

Perhaps the most interesting part of M. Schwabe's volume is the discussion on Lesbia. We know from Ovid that Lesbia was a fictitious name, and Apuleius says she was really called Clodia, just as Tibullus and Propertius converted their mistresses, Plania and Hostia, into Delia and Cynthia respectively. The name Lesbia is probably derived from the Lesbian poetess, Sappho, with whose writings Catullus was undoubtedly familiar, as is proved by his translation of one of her odes still extant, as well as by several imitations scattered through the poems here and there. M. Schwabe conjectures, with some plausibility, that Lesbia was herself accomplished, and, like the Sempromia described by Sallust, wrote verses. That Lesbia was Clodia, and that this Clodia was the celebrated sister of P. Clodius, was long ago hinted by Muretus, and more recently asserted by Haupt. The poems prove Lesbia to have been a married woman; and though in the earlier stage of his passion Catullus seems not to have been aware that she was as faithless to him as to her husband, and even when aware of it tried to extenuate it as much as he could, the despairing lines, "Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas," and those addressed to Cælius, show that he was at last unable to disguise from himself the fact that Lesbia had sunk into a common strumpet. How long he remained blind to her inconstancy it is difficult to ascertain; perhaps it was half voluntary. At any rate, it can hardly be considered a very extraordinary phenomenon, and certainly may be explained without the supposition of madness, or a reference to Seneca de *Tranquillitate Animi*. Seneca says that genius is akin to madness; but, if the only explanation of a lover's blindness is to be found here, the world possesses many more geniuses and many more madmen than is generally supposed. Be this as it may, what we know of Clodia suits well with the description of Catullus. She married the respectable Q. Metellus Celer, soon grew tired of him, and at last poisoned him. Allowing for exaggeration in Cicero, who personally hated her, we cannot doubt that she was one of the most profligate women of the time. Cicero calls her *amica omnium*, and the name by which she was commonly known, *quadrantaria*, implies that she had descended to the streets. Amongst her admirers was Cælius Rufus, who may be the Cælius to whom Catullus addresses the few indignant lines in which he describes Lesbia's final degradation. But we are bound to confess that this does not seem to us more than a possibility; and when M. Schwabe goes to the length of asserting that the abusive poem *Bononiensis Rufa* &c. is a sarcasm upon the same person, we are obliged to withhold our assent altogether. The strongest argument, perhaps, in support of the identity of Lesbia and Clodia is c. 79:—

Lesbius est pulcer: quidni? quem Lesbia malit
Quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua.
Sed tamen hic pulcer vendat cum gente Catullum,
Si tria natorum savia repperit.

If Lesbia is Clodia, Lesbius will be Clodius. Substituting, then, Clodius and Clodia in the first line, the point of the epigram is at once apparent. The allusion is, of course, to the incestuous intercourse between Clodia and her brother, which, whether true or false, is quite a commonplace of Cicero's, and was undeniably a scandal of the day. The point of the epigram lies in the word *pulcer*, the well-known cognomen of P. Clodius. M. Schwabe examines all the passages in which the personal appearance of this notorious man is described, and proves, we think satisfactorily, that he was, at any rate in the earlier part of his life, handsome. That his beauty was of an effeminate cast may perhaps be inferred from the fact that he was able to take part in the mysteries of the Bona Dea in the costume of a psalteria, i.e. without a veil, which was not likely to be worn by a member of that profession. Cicero points to the same thing when he calls him *pulcellus puer*, at a time when he must have been about thirty years of age. We do not care to dwell longer on this epigram, except to express our strong dissent from M. Schwabe's translation of the last line. "*Clodium nemo natus osculatur*" is a sense which cannot be got out of the Latin words. If *natorum* be genuine, it can only mean sons. *Notorum* is a conjecture of Scaliger's, and has much to be said in its favour. Indeed, we find ourselves constantly disagreeing with M. Schwabe

whenever he criticizes the text. Who that has habituated his ear to the rhythm of *phaselus ille* can believe that the poem *Quis hoc potest videre* was written in impure iambics? There is but one thing in it which can fairly be alleged in support of this view—the quantity of the first *a* in Mamurra, which is long in Horace, and must be short here if the iambics are pure. But this is a difficulty which will mislead no one who considers the avowed laxity of the Roman poets in proper names. It is strange that M. Schwabe, who has clearly acquainted himself with Lachmann's *Lucretius*, should ignore the similar examples mentioned by him of Lūceres, Mamūrius, Cātillus, Porsēna. But even if we granted that iambi are mixed with other feet in this poem, we should not assent to the transposition of vv. 23, 24 after v. 11. First, all unnecessary transposition of lines are rather questionable, though we are well aware that both Lachmann and Hermann adopted this violent remedy without scruple. Secondly, in this instance Mommsen has already made a transposition which, though we do not accept it, is more probable than M. Schwabe's. Thirdly, the whole point of the poem is sacrificed by the change. For the words *perdidisti omnia*, which end the poem in all the MSS., are transparently a climax, and only in their right place where they stand. On the new theory the last line is—

quid hic potest
Nisi uncta devorare patrimonia?

by which a most weak and impotent conclusion is given to a poem coarse indeed, but sufficiently epigrammatic throughout. By the by, the ordinary assumption that it is a recitation of these lines to which Cicero alludes in a well-known letter (Att. xiii. 52), though endorsed by so careful a writer as Mr. Merivale, is far from being certain. Cicero's words only imply that Cæsar heard something about Mamurra, which was expected to draw from him some sign of emotion, but did not. In these days, when doubts are raised on so universal a belief as that Nero was a monster, it behoves historians to be on their guard against the natural temptation to state as a fact what is really a construction.

RESPECTABLE SINNERS.*

THE great crusade against respectability, which has been perhaps the most remarkable feature in the social history of the present century, appears to be now entering upon its last phase, and in a very few years the roll of its heroes will probably be completed. Lord Byron first raised the standard, and large multitudes, principally of young men and maidens, flocked round it with genuine but fleeting enthusiasm. Conventionality in costume, the use of ordinary language, attention to business, and solvency, became objects of their inveterate antipathy, and the virtue of sound respectability hid its head as though it had been a vice. But it was easy to see that Byronism could never make a permanent stand. It was essentially lazy and essentially watery, two conditions which ensured its ultimate decay in the British mind. The next assault was led by a writer still living, and was conducted on a directly opposite principle. Byronism, or, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, Werterism, was lazy and watery—Carlylism is active and fiery. The votaries of one turned over their collars and cried; those of the other turn up their sleeves and swear. Whining, smiting the bosom of "myself, that heritage of woe," and a sublime disdain for the active duties of life, disappeared before the preaching of a new leader, who never ceased to proclaim in the tones of a Stentor the golden virtues of silence, whose prime go-pel has been the glory of labour, and who effectually put a stop to whimperings and discontent by the pungent reminder, "What right hadst thou even to be?" But, dissimilar as they thus are in their outward and visible expressions, the two systems are precisely alike in their aversion to respectability; and one is not less vehement than the other in proclaiming that the sober and decorous citizen who pays his way, attends church, loves his wife and children, lives respected, and dies lamented, is a wretched being, with no appreciation of "the glories of existence," who ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. Every reader of Mr. Carlyle is familiar with that oft-repeated foot-note which explains how "Gigmanity" has become the Carlylese for everything that is sordid, mean, and vulgar. A witness at the trial of Thurtell had said of somebody that he had always been looked upon as respectable; and, upon being asked what he exactly meant by this, explained that the person kept a gig. The demolition of the "gigantic sham," "the Dead Sea Ape," "the phantasm captain," of respectability, has been the chief object of Mr. Carlyle's mission; and, though less directly and incidentally brought forward by them, his views have been shared and illustrated by Mr. Dickens and the authors of *Vanity Fair* and *Alton Locke*. But the tone of acrimony in which Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens—the former persistently, and the latter frequently—were wont to speak of people whose only claim to respect was that they were respectable, has perceptibly softened down in their later writings. Both in *The Adventures of Philip* and in *Great Expectations*, we miss much of what, in this respect, was once most distinctive in the works of their authors, and we may attribute the change to the diminution of mere sentimentalism commonly effected by increased knowledge of the world and the advance of years.

The leaders in denouncing respectable people having thus in a manner withdrawn from the field, it is, as we have said,

* *Respectable Sinners*. By Mrs. Brotherton, Author of "Arthur Brandon." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

probable that the crusade is now coming to an end, or at least that, if continued, it will be from so new a point of view as to lose nearly all the features which have hitherto characterized the movement. Meanwhile, a few writers, without much thought or any originality, will doubtless vex the drowsy ear of the public with worn-out sneers and stale sarcasms. Mrs. Brotherton will take her place among them, and *Respectable Sinners* may be quoted as the type of a decaying school of fiction. The theory of Mrs. Brotherton and those who write like her, when put in plain English, simply amounts to this — that there are many persons standing very well in the opinion of the world who do not deserve their reputation, which is undeniably true, and that on this account our whole sympathy should be bestowed on everybody whom the world does not delight to honour, which is exceedingly false and silly. Society, according to sentimentalists of this stamp, is either so idiotic or so wicked as to be uniformly unjust in the distribution of its favours and the imposition of its censure; and each social ordinance is represented as working as if it had been expressly devised to promote hypocrisy, and repress genuine merit. This is the sort of nonsense which weak persons persuade themselves into believing, because they never take the trouble to think the matter over, and because it is so truly gratifying to think oneself very wise and virtuous in comparison with mankind generally. Mrs. Brotherton has introduced a limp imitation of the immortal Stiggins — a canting bagman, who reads the Bible, makes long prayers, is very anxious to know how his dear friend's soul is, thinks himself of the elect, and apparently tries to seduce a married cousin. It does not occur to her that the tendency of the tone indicated by her own writing is precisely the same. Just as the Calvinist wails over the sins of a corrupt world, but flatters himself that he at least is not as other men, and tumbles into a very abyss of vanity and indecent self-approval, so these people who denounce society for respecting the observers of the common rules of social existence take care to exempt themselves from the universal condemnation, and generally indulge in a number of objectionable practices on the strength of their superior enlightenment. The sentimentalist would do well to compare his attitude with that of the uncharitable and egotistical theologians whom he professes to hold in so great abhorrence.

Mrs. Brotherton is too feeble in all the elements which constitute a good novelist ever to do much harm by the dissemination of these morbid views. Her literary power is not entirely contemptible; but she is diamally weak in the construction of her plot, and the plot is very vaguely related to the moral intended to be drawn from it. Louisa Danhaye runs away with an officer, Captain Ashton, and they get married at Gretna Green; after which her father, Colonel Danhaye, casts her off, thereby constituting himself *Respectable Sinner* number one. He had approved of the match so long as the officer was well off; but, upon the loss of certain property, he takes quite another view, and does not choose to give his daughter to a needy captain. Captain Ashton dies after he has been married two or three years, leaving his widow almost penniless, and with the burden of a little girl. Louisa goes to London, in the hopes of softening her father's resentment, but is unsuccessful. She receives a visit from her father's sister, Mrs. Nettlefold, the second of the *Respectable Sinners* — respectable because she lives in Portland Place and wears rustling dresses, and a sinner because she wants her brother to leave her his money. Her character is illustrated by an account of what appears to us the most extraordinary feat on record in the chronicles of dentistry. Mrs. Nettlefold had a daughter, who had the misfortune to knock out one of her front teeth. There happened to be in the neighbourhood a child about ten years old, with teeth remarkable for their beauty, so Mrs. Nettlefold hires her to its mother and offers ten shillings for a front tooth. A bargain was struck, and, in the presence of the two mothers, "the tooth, still warm, was scientifically transferred from the poor child's head to the rich child's head." One might at first have supposed that the authoress had some subtle design of setting poor against rich by this pleasing anecdote, but, after all, the conduct of the poor mother in consenting to such a transaction cannot but appear to the full as odious as that of the rich mother in suggesting it. But, be this as it may, Mrs. Nettlefold is intensely respectable and thoroughly bad-hearted. Her conversation with Louisa Ashton would convey the notion that she is merely a fool. The dialogue between them and Louisa's little girl, with the remarks of a faithful nurse, is evidently intended to be marvellously true to nature, and it may be amusing to extremely young mothers, but to anybody else it cannot be anything but sickeningly childish and wearisome. The young widow takes a cottage at Seabay, and falls in with one Grinston Hartley, whom she eventually marries. Grinston, which we take to be another form of Grindstone, is thoroughly respectable — austere in his mode of life, bland in his manners, punctual in payments, and careful of the honour of his family. We need not say, therefore, that he is a sinner. It would be impossible for a man to enjoy the respect of his neighbours if he had not a large amount of something sinister in the background. Grinston Hartley occupies a better social position than either Mrs. Nettlefold or Colonel Danhaye, and, as a natural consequence, is more worthless and wicked in proportion. This is the way in which Mrs. Brotherton's world wags. Grinston has a son Edward by a former marriage, who grows up to be very handsome and very clever, but, on the whole, a decidedly unpleasant character. Edward falls in love with Helen, his step-sister, the little girl of the earlier part of the story, and in defiance of his father's wishes runs away with her. His father dies shortly after, and cuts him off with a shilling; but Edward turns to literature,

and at once appears to derive an excellent income from that source, as likewise does one of his friends, who has also been turned adrift because he declines to take orders. There is something thoroughly feminine in this. Any man who is disinherited has only to take up his pen, and, like Addison, though he has only three-halfpence in his pocket, he will find a thousand pounds in his brain. It is lucky for Edward, in more respects than one, that he is in the hands of a feminine novelist. Mr. Thackeray has laid it down as a rule that no woman can wind up a story without the extraordinary discovery of a will; and Mrs. Brotherton is no exception. Grinston Hartley had a brother, Robert, who had been the black sheep of the family, and who, as a matter of course, was the most virtuous member of it. The estates had really been left to this younger son by a private will, of which, however, he was too magnanimous to avail himself, in spite of Grinston's unjust conduct towards him. But when he finds, on returning from India or Australia, that his nephew has been disinherited, he at once produces the will and evicts the possessors from the Hartley estates, which he immediately offers to Edward, by whom they are declined. In the end, Robert is murdered by a ruffian whose enmity he had incurred, and Edward, reasonably convinced that inheriting landed estates is a more remunerative and slightly less laborious means of getting a living than writing for newspapers, enters upon the property and lives happy ever after. There are one or two episodes, but they are as curiously tame and uninteresting as the main story, so that we may be pardoned for passing them over. A canting bagman, as has been stated, seems to attempt to seduce a pious married cousin, with whom Edward, too, carries on a dangerous flirtation. This being discovered, the lady leaves her husband, and, becoming more religious than ever, visits Rome, where she "has become the tutelary saint (on earth) of an eminent Cardinal" — a singularly far-fetched euphemism, as it appears to us.

It will be seen from this that the whole performance is weak and colourless, and though it is a long way removed from being the worst novel we have ever read, it is still further removed from being a good one. Its chief fault is feebleness, but that pervades it in every page. The only feature which calls for notice is the attempt at a moral — that we are to like and esteem sons whom their fathers have thought fit to cut off with shillings, that no blame is to be attached to runaway daughters, and, finally, that if the world looks coldly upon a man there is sure to be some good in him. The black sheep are the salt of the earth, and the world will never run smoothly until respectability is extirpated. People may like to hear paradoxical Jeremiahs of this kind when they are poured forth with the audacious vehemence of Mr. Carlyle, or caustically illustrated by a writer of such power as Mr. Thackeray; but not everybody can draw the bow of Ulysses. If Mrs. Brotherton had been possessed of greater power, we do not deny that she might have written a novel of the highest order, even upon her distorted text. As it is, she has only produced a very pale illustration of a morbid and superficial theory.

SONGS OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

THE Thirty Years' War, combining in its disastrous course the horrors of a civil and religious struggle with those of a foreign invasion, forms the most melancholy of the many melancholy pages in German history. The peace which concluded it left the Empire not only diminished in territory, but bereft of two-thirds, if not of three-fourths, of its population. Over all its lands the fury of war had swept. What the Walloon had spared, the Swede had taken. Danes and Englishmen, Spaniards and Frenchmen, Italians and Croats had all had their share of the plunder and the "Brandschatzung." Nor had German corn and German gold alone been carried away in the struggle. With commerce and art, with literature (destined to slumber for a full century, and dream of water-poets and Silesian schools of clumsy Anacreons), had vanished the national character of the German language, intellect, and heart. It suffices to have read any German letter of the time, with its barbarous jargon of Latin, Italian, and French overlying a wretched substratum of the native tongue, to understand the remark of Leibnitz (who himself wrote in Latin or French), that he had found the non-sensual part of the German language wholly uncultivated. The land of intellect, no less than the exhausted soil, was barren from Danzig to Cologne, and the nation was sunk in a slough of mental inertia and weariness from which no Order of the Palm could save it. Religion, for whose sake all these calamities had been brought upon the nation, failed to offer comfort or consolation. The princes and nobility were plunged in a Lethe of thoughtless debauchery, and the lower orders in a Lethe of dull despair, "lying abed till nine o'clock," and neither working nor caring for more than the merest modicum of daily bread. A feeble pietism, the natural reaction from such a state of godlessness, soon lost itself in gloomy mysticism and fanatic revivalism. So the German people continued, without hopes and fears, at the mercy of its rulers and its neighbours, till at last the dawn broke on the battle-fields of Silesia and in the chamber where Lessing sat and wrote.

It would seem as if a sense of the national degradation which was the fruit of this war, and from which the country to this

* *Der dreissigjährige Krieg.* Eine Sammlung von historischen Gedichten und Prosadarstellungen, herausgegeben von Julius Opel und Adolf Cohn. Halle: 1862.

day has not wholly recovered, had been amongst the *crises* which have hitherto left the Thirty Years' War without its historian. Schiller's popular work lacks almost all the qualities which a history should possess, except nobility of treatment and grace of style. He had neither the training nor the natural qualities of an historian; and, moreover, on many questions (such as the fall of his own hero, Wallenstein) the proper evidence remained as yet under lock and key. The advancing liberality of the age has, during the present century, induced Governments to be less chary of opening their archives. Thus, for instance, the well-known publication, by Forster, of Wallenstein's Correspondence has completely superseded all previous "Contributions" to the elucidation of that leader's career, including those of the laborious Murr. And a distinguished German author, Barthold, whose zeal as a politician is at least equal to his discretion as an historian, has thrown a strong light on the much-neglected latter years of the war. But no complete history has as yet been attempted, either by a German or a foreign hand, of the whole war, with its endless shiftings and complications. Whenever such a work is undertaken, it may be safely surmised that it will be found a Herculean task. Immense masses of documentary evidence lie in the archives of almost every European Power engaged or interested in the war; and what Power at that time considered European did not thus participate in it? Thus Neubur, in his "Contributions," quotes no less than sixty-five original documents in reference to the siege of Stralsund alone.

Meanwhile, an addition to these materials of a more entertaining description has been made by Messrs. Opel and Cohn, by a publication of *Historical Poems and Prose of the Thirty Years' War*, accompanied by a short but clear historical synopsis, and brief explanatory notes. This "multisonous chorus of voices of the day," to use the editors' expression, is derived from various sources, such as the public or university libraries at Halle, Dresden, Gotha, and Wolfenbützel, and from the private collections of the accomplished Gustav Freytag and others. It is arranged in seven books—six comprising the different periods into which the editors conceive the war naturally to divide itself, and the seventh containing matters referring to "the religious, political, and social state of affairs during the war." The first sentiment inspired by these songs (for in the first six books there is but little prose, and what there is consists of parodies of Scripture, after the admired fashion of the late Mr. Hone) is that they are, with scarce any exception, utter and unmitigated trash. There is in few of them the faintest trace of either pathos or wit, and though there is plenty of indignation, it rarely succeeds in making what the most lenient critic of street poetry would allow to be a "verse." They in themselves prove the utter absence of literary life from the people, at the time in which they were published. Gervinus has remarked that in Germany, in the thirteenth century, poetry descended from the nobility through the scholars to the people, but in the seventeenth took a contrary route, upwards from the people to the scholars, and by means of the latter to the nobility. The Protestant poets in this volume derive their inspiration from their religious hymns, due to the more creative era of the Reformation itself, and from the Bible—the Catholics from their own hymns alone, which they imitate, parody, or else interline in the following style:—

*In dulci jubilo, joy has returned for woe,
God He has fought for us,
And in exilio
Has taken thought for us.
Deo ter maximo
O Alpha es et O! O Alpha es et O!*

In such strains the joy of the Imperialists in Bohemia expresses itself over the defeat and ruin of the unfortunate Frederick. Another song against him, in equally ecclesiastical phraseology, exclaims how he

*Who would perform a miracle
Is now become a spectacle.*

The majority of these poems, however, are by Protestant hands, as was to be expected both from the sources of the collection, and from the greater proneness to writing and publishing in the Protestant parts of Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War, or, indeed, at any other period. The editors, however, probably because their book is published at a very decidedly Protestant institution (the Halle Orphan Asylum), think it necessary to protest their impartiality.

Frederick of Bohemia is the hero of the first two books; while, in the third and fourth, Mansfeld and Tilly occupy the most prominent position. Ernest von Mansfeld was, in truth, one of the strangest characters of a time prolific of such adventurers. He was the bastard son of an Austrian general, and spent his life as the undaunted and undaunted foe of his sire's sovereign. His name was second only to that of Wallenstein for its magic power in attracting mercenaries; and the destruction of his army never disheartened him, but merely set him about collecting a new force. He was ultimately hunted down into Hungary by Wallenstein, and, deserted by his Transylvanian allies, escaped to Venice, where he died in the midst of new plots against the House of Hapsburg. Thus he became the terror of the Emperor and the Catholic party—"Clericorum Attila," as he is called in a curious German-Latin doggerel entitled "Mansfeld's Tattoo," which is extremely severe on the sins "*Logolitarum, germen malorum*;" on the Pope, who "*judaisum et atheismum diligit plurimum*;" and "*diabolicum jam habet gaudium super exitum recte*

Adelium;" and on priests in general whose "*initium est atrox vitium*." But we must confess that the Papist who, in a kind of epigram called "*Acta Mansfeldica*," takes the contrary view of things, appears to have the best of it as far as wit goes; and as this production is, perhaps, the least pointless in the book, we will venture a translation:—

Ernst Mansfeld, who doth all betray,
Is fallen from the faith away,
From Austria's house of right divine,
And from the County Palatine,
Whom he deserted in his need,
And all mankind did curse the deed.
Nor marvel thou his ways were such;
The reason will account for much;
And reason was there for his fall—
His midwife will explain it all.
When he was born, as she will tell,
Down straightway from the bench he fell;
And thus so fond of falling grew,
That fall he will his whole life through,
Till, when the reck'ning up is cast,
He from the gallows falls at last.

The fall of Magdeburg is the occasion for a "Lamentation" on a text from Jeremiah, for a "Last Will and Testament of the Ladies of Magdeburg," for a "Penitential Psalm," and other genuine outbursts of grief; while a sanguinary Papist and no less horrible poet exults in one hundred stanzas of seven lines each over the victory of the "dear worthy cavalier, Count Tilly"—an object of veneration since his time to few save Colonel Mitchell and King Louis of Bavaria, but in whose wrath against the devoted city, the pious poet avers, "all the stars, heavens, firmament, planets, moon and elements" participated.

The fifth book brings on the scene Gustavus Adolphus, with his Finlanders and Laplanders, and with his victories. The Protestant portion of posterity has always refused to look upon this bold invader in any other light than that in which Dugald Dalgetty regarded him, as the "great and glorious;" and he has, among ourselves, been hailed as one of "God's heroes," *par excellence*. It may, however, be observed that his death occurred just in time to leave him surrounded with the halo of a religious liberator, while his poor Chancellor Oxenstierna goes down to posterity as a huckster who bartered Swedish blood for a piece of land. Oxenstierna only in so far took a different course from that which his master intended to pursue, that the latter would never have returned his sword to the scabbard for so small a consideration as a piece of Pomerania. His hopes were wider, but probably of the same nature as those of his eminent Chancellor; and his unselfishness of purpose in assisting the German Protestants (against the wish of half of them) was perhaps not wholly unlike that of a great sovereign of our own days when he undertook to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. The cautious John George, the Elector of Saxony, was as quick to escape from the Swedish alliance as he had been slow to enter into it; but it has rarely been in the power of Electors or Kings of Saxony to choose their own policy. However, in all the Protestant songs in this and the following book, Gustavus is "the dear Swede," "the Conqueror with the Sword of Gideon," "the Crown and Flower of Kings," "the Saviour," and "the Patron of the Gospel and the Church of Christ," while the Saxons are repeatedly treated to a joke about their confectionary, which witticism appears to afford unceasing delight to its perpetrators.

The last character who continues in this war to attract popular attention is he round whose life the poetic muse of Schiller has thrown an inextinguishable interest. In his history, Schiller treats of a very different Wallenstein, who is something of the "Herod," "Tyrant," "Mameluke," as he is saluted in several furious attacks on him in the Sixth Book of this collection. The view Schiller takes of his fall is, as every one now knows, based on the fictions of the Imperial Court at Vienna, which took the safe course of publishing an official statement against him, and suppressing all the documents by which it might be proved or disproved. Yet it seems strange that, now that the documents are published, his defenders should affect to believe in his entire innocence, when it has been demonstrated that both in French and Swedish negotiations he was, at all events, guilty of "contemplating" treason. We have no wish to enter upon so well-worn a theme; but, at the same time, we must enter our protest against a view lately put forward to the effect that Wallenstein was "a gigantic humbug." This notion is chiefly founded on the supposed fact that he never won a battle; or, as it is expressed in a doggerel epitaph in this book:—

*Sans ships he was an admiral,
Sans open fight a general.*

The general who completely outwitted Gustavus at Nuremberg might rest his claim to a more complimentary treatment on this achievement alone; but what shall we say of the battle of Wolgast, in which Wallenstein nearly annihilated the Dunes, and of the battle of the Dessauer bridge, in which he completely annihilated the army of Mansfeld?

With the death of Wallenstein, and that of Bernhard of Weimar, which is sung with deep expressions of grief "to the tune of the Rheinthal," the national interest in the war begins to flag. The Germans were gradually beginning to entertain but one wish in reference to it—that it might cease; and it is in the cabinet of Richelieu that the chief springs of its continuance, long after the peace of Prague had satisfied a great part of the

German Protestants, must be sought. The editors cease to accompany the course of what has become a war of invasion any farther; and their Seventh Book forms merely a kind of supplement to its predecessors. It is full of complaints against the manifold hardships of the times, the rapacity of the foreign soldiery, especially the Spanish, the frivolity of the German youth, the decadence of ancient manners and morals, and the utter collapse of trade. A peculiarly obnoxious class, as in other great wars, were the speculators, who bought up all the heavier coin, and frequently issued it again, re-coined, in considerably curtailed dimensions. Those who practised this trick are called the "kippers and wippers"—to "kip," according to the Editorial Glossary, signifying to cut and pare the rim of a coin. But the most interesting part of the last book consists in a kind of proverbial philosophy, composed by some reflective mind on things in general, and not unfrequently indicative of considerable liberality and elevation of thought. It is arranged under various heads, such as "From the World," "From the University," "From the College of Jesuits;" and we will, in conclusion, give one or two specimens of the lucubrations of this pensive Protestant, extracted at random from a vast congeries:—

How a forced or simulated religion commonly leadeth to atheism.
How, against him who proceedeth *de facto*, there availeth no suit.
How the life of many women is but as the state of those who walk and talk in their sleep.
How there was never less nobility than when every one desireth to be a nobleman.
How those that suffer the least are of all the least sufferable.
How a truth from Rome is a lie in Germany.

The latter aphorism is "from Italy;" and the following is "from England," though we are at a loss to understand the reference:—

How nothing is cheaper than money, and nothing dearer than the courtesies of idle folk.

And, finally, we extract a reflection which, often as it must have occurred to the poor suffering Germans of the Thirty Years' War, has probably been uttered by many in subsequent generations:—

How I should like some day to hear a piece of news that is good.

WILD SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE author of this narrative is the son of General Paez, who, in the war of South American independence, played a part second only to Bolivar himself. His name is sufficient to place the book out of the ordinary run of tourists' notes and vacation rambles with which it is the fashion of the many who run to and fro to edify the minority who stay at home. Don Ramon de Paez has had full opportunity for exploring the scenes of which he writes, and had he but contented himself with describing them, he would have produced a shorter and, in our judgment, a far more readable book than the one before us. Unfortunately, not satisfied with following the footsteps of Waterton and Humboldt, he has turned aside into those of Washington Irving, and indulged in sudden transitions from natural to military history, with a result very bewildering to the reader. It seems never to have occurred to him that the *éclat* which attaches to a war of independence hardly extends to the internal struggles which constitute the later history of his native country, to which his own personal experience has been limited, and that Venezuela, convulsed with petty intrigues and internal factions, has by no means the same hold on European interest which it fairly claimed when arrayed against the Spaniard on the plains of Carabobo. From the one state of things to the other there is a bathos such as might exist between a history of the Reform Bill, and that of an election fight among the ten-pound householders of the borough of Eatonswill. The writer's best apology for his forgetfulness of this fact is, that General Paez himself was actively engaged in both stages of his country's history, and an exuberance of hero-worship and its consequences may be easily pardoned in consideration of the relationship existing between the parties—the more easily as the remedy lies in the reader's own hands, by a judicious exercise of the art of skipping.

The narrative opens with an expedition across the Llanos or Pampas of Apure, in which the writer's father was the owner of extensive cattle farms. This region of the plains is a strange and wild one. The Llanero may travel upwards of a thousand miles from West to East without quitting it; while that of the Amazon is of far greater extent, being calculated as about six times the size of France, or as large as Russia in Europe. The periodical risings of the Apure and Portuguesa during the rainy season convert the entire country into a vast lagoon, and the effect is to render housekeeping a matter of peculiar difficulty to the inhabitants, who quietly turn out in favour of the crocodiles and anacondas, who then come up for "the season" with the regularity of old habits:—

When the waters subside, the intruders are expelled by the rightful owners of the dwellings; the few articles of furniture they possess replaced in the damp rooms, and they again devote themselves to domestic pursuits, until the next inundation forces them anew to seek a home elsewhere.

The Llaneros have the reputation of being the finest horsemen in the world, and General Paez, who is said to be "the first rider in South America," was not slow to take advantage of such material in the formation of a body of cavalry, which did good service against the Royalists during the War of Independence.

The riding school of the Llanero is a rough but effective one. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and—

when sufficiently strong to cope with a wild animal, he is taken to the majada or great cattle pen, and there hoisted upon the bare back of a fierce young bull, with his face turned towards the animal's tail, which he holds in lieu of a bridle, and his little legs twisted round the neck of his antagonist, he is whirled round and round at a furious rate. His position, as may be imagined, is anything but equestrian; yet the fear of coming in contact with the bull's horns, compels the rider to hold on until, by a dexterous twist of the animal's tail, while he jumps off its back, he succeeds in overturning his antagonist.

Thence he is transferred to the back of a wild colt, a still more difficult course of probation; and when inured to military discipline, is transformed into a happy combination of the Centaur and Bashibazouk. From riders like these, Paez formed a body of cavalry of all work which would have delighted the soul of Nolan. One of the incidents performed by them during the campaign of 1818, deserves to be recorded for its singularity and daring:—

It was then that Paez conceived and executed the extraordinary plan of capturing with cavalry the gunboats of the enemy stationed on the river Apure. A party of fifty lancers mounted on horses without saddles, were selected for this purpose. At a signal from their leader, who headed the movement, they plunged into the river and swam towards the Spanish gunboats. The Royalists, taken by surprise, had only time to fire a single round, and the next moment the gunboats were boarded on all sides and captured by the cavalry.

The traveller who crosses the plains of South America has need of well-strung nerves. Reptiles and snakes of all kinds, things which bite and sting and squeeze, beset him everywhere by land and water. The rivers swarm with a horrible little fish called the caribe, not larger than a perch, and so abundant that "it is a common saying among the Llaneros that there is more caribe than water." The name of the fish is a sobriquet derived from its cannibal propensities, in which it surpasses even the Carib himself. Like Leviathan, it laughs at the hook, albeit mounted with wire, for neither copper, steel, nor twine can withstand its sharp, triangular teeth:—

The sight of any substance, blood especially, seems to rouse their sanguinary appetite; and as they usually go in swarms, it is extremely dangerous for man or beast to enter the water with even a scratch upon their bodies. Horses wounded with the spur are particularly exposed to their attacks, and so rapid is the work of destruction that, unless immediate assistance is rendered, the fish soon penetrate the abdomen of the animal and speedily reduce it to a skeleton.

A tough bull's hide, which serves the threefold office of bait, hook, and line, is the best apparatus for catching them, for they are as unwilling as a bull-dog to quit their hold. But the fisherman will do well to beware of them when landed:—

Finding the thick cartilage too tough even for their sharp teeth, and unwilling to give it up, they continued gnawing at it, like so many little hyenas. When I imagined them to be fairly "stuck" through the thick skin, I lifted the whole concern over the side of the canoe, and had the satisfaction of seeing about a dozen of the fish dancing at the bottom of my barge. Finding this novel style of fishing rather easy and entertaining, I continued it until I was suddenly apprised into whose company I had thrust myself by feeling the heel of my left foot seized by one of the captives, with such violence as caused me to drop my bait, with the vicious creatures that were hanging from it, into the river. My only thought now was how to contrive my escape, having the whole length of the canoe to traverse, and its floor paved with these ravenous little wretches. My first impulse was to spring overboard; but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be a jump from the "frying-pan into the fire." Placed, as it were, between Scylla and Charybdis, I again appealed to the ingenuity of my former advisers for deliverance. This they readily accomplished by a very simple contrivance, consisting of a gunny bag, which they spread over the gaping draught of fish. In a moment their sharp teeth were again at work, this time among the tough fibres of the bag, to which they clung with the tenacity of bull-dogs, thus enabling us to fish them out again without difficulty.

But this ferocity proves its own Nemesis in rather a singular fashion, for when meat is thrown to them, being themselves of a red hue, they mistake each other for the meat, and continue the feast by devouring one another. Throughout the entire region traversed by the writer, poison lurks in all forms. There is death in the spit, as well as in the pot. Let the traveller beware of cooking his beef on a twig cut from the guachamacha. The meat will absorb sufficient poison during the process to destroy all who partake of it. The mancinella almost rivals the fabled Upas in its malignant exhalations. Those who eat under it are seized with numbness and swelling, and mules are killed by being driven by rods made from its branches. Fish swallow the fruit and transmit the poison, though themselves unaffected by it. The Goñiras, a tribe of Indians bordering on the Gulf of Maracaybo, manufacture a poison even more deadly than the wourali, after the following choice receipt:—

A number of dead reptiles, snakes and toads, and lizards, with a sprinkling of centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas, are placed in a gourd and allowed to rot, until they all, like a hell broth, "boil and bubble" into a yellowish liquid, which collects at the bottom of the gourd; in this the points are steeped and then laid aside to dry.

Unlike the wourali, the operation of which Sydney Smith described as resembling apoplexy induced by a long story, the action of the goairan poison is somewhat that of strychnine on the nervous system. During a skirmish with the natives a slave was wounded by a poisoned arrow in the author's presence:—

Although the wound was a flesh one, his master at once gave the necessary orders for his approaching interment, as nothing could save him. The poor fellow appeared perfectly resigned, and answered all my questions with apparent unconcern.

On the second day the poison manifested itself by occasional twitchings of the nerves, which gradually increased to violent jerks of the whole frame until death relieved the agonized sufferer.

* *Wild Scenes in South America; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela.* By Don Ramon Paez. London: Low, Son, & Co. 1863.

The writer asserts, on apparently good foundation, that the Llaneros are in the habit of inoculating themselves with the juice of certain plants as a specific against the bite of snakes. The powdered leaves of the guaco are rubbed into incisions made in the skin, and administered internally in an infusion of rum. The process is said not only to render the patient poison-proof against the bite of the most venomous snakes, but to confer on him a power of attracting those reptiles similar to that ascribed to the serpent-charmers of India. The author, however, does not profess to guarantee the truth of the latter assertion. The discovery of the specific is due to Don Celestino Mutis, an eminent naturalist of Bogota, in 1788; and in proof of its merits, it may be added that General Paez himself recovered from an attack of hydrophobia, consequent on the bite of a mad dog, by virtue of this remedy. The inoculation process must, it seems, be repeated at intervals, as it loses its efficacy on the system in progress of time.

The scenes which occur in capturing and branding the wild cattle of the plains are such as Rosa Bonheur herself might covet as studies. The life of the Llanero is a prolonged bull-fight of the most exciting kind, varied by occasional conflicts with the jaguar and alligator—the lords of the plain and the river. Of this the sample recorded in the writer's own experience is interesting enough, though it must be confessed that he sometimes draws largely on the faith of the reader. Thus, he tells us of a remarkable shot at a crocodile by an Indian boy, on which we should like to take Mr. Ford's opinion. The child shot the arrow up into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, and "although the distance was fully three hundred paces, the arrow struck the mark with the precision of a rifle-ball." The tale, marvellous as it is, finds a pendant in one of certain fearful water-babies which haunt the streets of Guadarrama in the dusk of the evening. Don Ramon tells us of a friend of his who tumbled over one of these creatures, which he took for a boy in a stooping posture. On kicking it aside, "to his surprise he perceived the seeming boy moving off in the shape of a huge toad!"

The latter part of the narrative is occupied with an account of the guerilla warfare consequent on the political dissensions of Venezuela, in which the general and his son took a leading part. Having conscientiously gone through them, we can as conscientiously affirm our belief that the book would be far better for their omission. They are neither graphic enough as sketches of military incident, nor are they sufficiently free from bias to satisfy the reader as historical memoranda. The gist of the facts is as follows:—In 1848, articles of impeachment were presented against Monagas, the President of Venezuela, for breach of the Constitution, by refusing to appoint as Governors the persons nominated to the provinces. He turned the tables on his accusers by a Napoleonic *coup d'état*, in which the militia attacked the House, and fired on the representatives, eleven of whom were killed. Paez and his son headed the opposition against him gallantly enough, but unsuccessfully; and the struggle resulted in the imprisonment of the general in the fortress of St. Antonio, from which he was released in 1850, but exiled from Venezuela. He retired to New York, which he quitted on the downfall of Monagas, in 1858, and returned to find Castro at the head of the Provisional Government. His reception by the people drew upon him the envy of Castro; and, finding himself an object of suspicion to the Government, he solicited his passports for the then United States, and retired into a voluntary exile.

It would be well if the revision which the writer asserts to have been bestowed on his English had been extended to his Latin. Judging from his quotations we can hardly congratulate the learned fathers at the College of Stonyhurst on their pupil:—

Olim juvenus et patrius vigor,
Nidum laborum propulit inscium.

And—

Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque lacryma meis—

present difficulties in point of construction and scanning which a little accuracy would have removed. On the whole, the volume is a readable one in spite of its faults of surplussage; and, after setting aside much that is foreign to its purpose as a note-book of natural history, the residuum will be found sufficiently amusing to repay the reader for the trouble of performing the operation.

THE CAT STANE.*

"*Is it not the tombstone of the Grandfather of Hengist and Horsa?*"

Such is the question respecting the Cat Stane which J. Y. Simpson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Knight of the Royal Order of St. Olaf of Norway, lately Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Member of the Archeological Societies of Athens, Nassau, Copenhagen, &c. &c., Honorary Professor of Antiquities to the Royal Scottish Academy, and Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, has the hardihood to propose, not to the readers of *Punch*, but to the grave and learned members of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in the first instance, and subsequently to the public at large through the medium of a thin quarto volume, which we should scarcely have noticed if repeated perusal had not persuaded us that the writer meant to be taken in earnest. In earnest we shall accordingly reply. Not that we have the slightest hope of inducing Dr. Simpson to see what learned trifling he has been betrayed into. He belongs to a class of archeologists who are

* On the Cat Stane, Edinburghshire. By J. Y. Simpson, M.D., &c. &c. Edinburgh. Printed by Neill & Co. 1862.

utterly incorrigible, from their inability to estimate the relative value of stray statements on obscure points of history, or to understand how the most plausible theory will crumble to pieces for want of attention to that *consensus partium* which well-trained scholarship and a habit of sifting evidence can alone enable a man to appreciate. There are those whose idle toying with the knotty points of archeology brings that science into undeserved contempt. It evidently never occurred to Dr. Simpson that any special preparation is necessary to decypher an inscription which the example of a wiser and genuine antiquary, Dr. Daniel Wilson, might have taught him to leave in its proper obscurity and probable insignificance. This term we do not mean to apply to the whole class of Romano-British inscribed stones—for there are few monuments of antiquity of greater interest, though sufficient data are not yet collected to warrant any sound inferences as to their nature and history—but only to the particular monument which Dr. Simpson has endeavoured to invest with such ridiculous importance.

As regards the site and description of the Cat Stane, we cannot do better than adopt Dr. Simpson's own words:—

The Cat Stane stands in the parish of Kirkliston, on the farm of Briggs, in a field, and on the north side of the road to Linlithgow, and between the sixth and seventh milestone from Edinburgh. It is placed within a hundred yards of the south bank of the Almond, nearly half a mile below the boat-house bridge, and about three miles above the entrance of the stream into the Frith of Forth, at the old Roman station of Cramond, or Caer Amond. The monument is located in nearly the middle of the base of a triangular fork of ground formed by the meeting of the Gogar Water with the River Almond. The Gogar flows into the Almond about six or seven hundred yards below the site of the Cat Stane. The ground on which the Cat Stane stands is the beginning of a ridge slightly elevated above the general level of the neighbouring fields. The stone itself consists of a massive unheaven block of the secondary greenstone-trap of the district, many large boulders of which lie in the bed of the neighbouring river. In form it is somewhat prismatic or irregularly triangular, with its angles very rounded. This large monolith is nearly twelve feet in circumference, about four feet five inches in width, and three feet three inches in thickness. Its height above ground is about four feet and a half.—P. 7.

Of the next twenty pages we do not propose taking any notice, further than stating that they are devoted to a discussion of "The different readings of the inscription," and of "The paleographic peculiarities." On these points we will, for the sake of the argument, concede everything which Dr. Simpson urges on behalf of his reading, or rather, of the reading which the famous Welsh archeologist, Edward Lhwyd, suggested upwards of 160 years ago, and which Dr. Simpson, with painstaking research, ferreted out of a book where, he justly says, few would expect to find it—the *Mona Antiqua Restaurata* of the Rev. Mr. Rowlands. We should add that, in making this concession, we are not in the slightest degree influenced by the woodcut "taken from a photograph," with which Dr. Simpson illustrates his pages. Photographs of inscriptions are never to be implicitly relied on, unless they be made complementary to each other by being taken at different angles to the inscribed surface. How much less can we rely on a woodcut from a photograph, in which it is no imputation of dishonesty to suggest that the woodcutter may have been biased, either by his own notions as to the reading of the inscription, or by those which he knew to be entertained by his employer. Dr. Simpson assures us that the woodcut "very faithfully represents the inscription." The inscription as read by him, we have no doubt, is represented with all the fidelity which is compatible with the inevitable bias, be a man never so conscientious, which must affect the rendering of an inscription of which the meaning has been postulated by the person who is charged with its representation. If Dr. Simpson would let us see two photographs, taken under the condition insisted on above, we should be better able to come to a conclusion as to the accuracy of the woodcut. All this, however, we are prepared to concede. Let it be granted, that on the monolith, as above described, and known by the name of Cat Stane, or Battle stone, are to be read or decyphered, the following words:—

IN OC TV
MVLO JACIT
VETTA F.
VICTI.

"Well! what of that?" the reader will say. Why, a great deal, if Dr. Simpson is to be believed—to wit, that this monolith—inscribed, it will be remembered, in Roman capitals—is neither more nor less than a memorial to the grandpapa of the Hengist and Horsa of legendary lore. Even before the days of a Kemble and a Lappenberg, the much despised—perhaps in some respects the overmuch despised—Hume had the sense to reprobate the "dark industry of antiquaries, led by imaginary analogies of names, or by uncertain traditions," and to perceive—

what fruitless labour it must be to search in those barbarous and illiterate ages for the annals of a people, when their first leaders, known in any true history, were believed by them to be fourth in descent from a fabulous deity, or from a man exalted by ignorance into that character.

But Dr. Simpson not only goes two generations nearer to the regions of fable land, but has the naïveté to let out in a note how impossible it would be by any operation short of trepanning to put into his head any conception of the difference between the mythical and the historical in a nation's annals. He there says (p. 29), that the principle which has induced "some modern authorities" to think it "philosophical"—as he contemptuously styles it—to object to the whole story of Hengist and Horsa, on the alleged ground that these names are "equine" in their meaning, would upset the story of General Wolfe having taken Quebec, or of Lord Lyons being English Ambassador to the United

States in the eventful year 1860, on the ground that Wolfe and Lyons are the names of two wild beasts. The man who can "think it philosophical" to indulge in such imbecile *tu quoques* as this, furnishes us with a gauge which we shall do well to keep by us in estimating his reasoning on other points of history. These considerations, however, which would have their weight with every scholar and with every student of history, would obviously be thrown away on Dr. Simpson; so we will once more consent to meet him on his own ground, and even there to show that he has not a leg to stand upon. In order that we may do him full justice, we will quote, in his own words, the summary of the evidence (!) which he believes himself to have adduced:—

1. The surname of Vetta upon the Cat Stane is the name of the grandfather of Hengist and Horsa, as given by our oldest genealogists.

2. The same historical authorities all describe Vetta as the son of Victa; and the person recorded on the Cat Stane is spoken of in the same distinctive terms: 'Vetta F(ilius) Victi.'

3. Vetta is not a common ancient Saxon name, and it is highly improbable that there existed in ancient times two historical Vettas, the sons of two Victas.

4. Two generations before Hengist and Horsa arrived in England, a Saxon host—as told by Ammianus—was leagued with the other races of modern Scotland (the Picts, Scots, and Attacois) in fighting with a Roman army under Theodosius.

5. The Saxon allies were very probably under a leader who claimed royal descent from Woden, and consequently under an ancestor or pre-relative of Hengist and Horsa.

6. The battle-ground between the two armies was, in part at least, the district placed between the two Roman walls, and consequently included the tract in which the Cat Stane is placed; this district being erected by Theodosius, after its subjection, into a fifth Roman province.

7. The paleographic characters of the inscription accord with the idea that it was cut about the end of the fourth century.

8. The Latin is the only language known to have been used in British inscriptions and other writings in those early times by the Romanized Britons and the foreign colonists and conquerors of the island.

9. The occasional erection of monuments to Saxon leaders is proved by the fact mentioned by Bede, that in his time, or in the eighth century, there stood in Kent a monument commemorating the death of Horsa.—Pp. 49-50.

On the three first heads it is useless to argue with Dr. Simpson, or indeed with any man who can gravely appeal for evidence to "our oldest genealogists" and "historical authorities." We concede the point. Granted that there was an historical Vetta, the grandfather of an historical Hengist and Horsa, Dr. Simpson has yet to show—first, that he came over to this country; second, that he was present at a battle; third, that he was killed at that battle. Now, for every one of these facts Dr. Simpson has not one single atom of evidence. He tells us, indeed, that Ammianus Marcellinus relates how a Saxon host was leagued with the other races of Scotland against the Romans. If this were so, it would not follow that the "Saxon host" was led by Vetta, and if so led, that that Vetta was the grandfather of Hengist and Horsa. But unfortunately Ammianus Marcellinus says nothing of the sort. He is speaking generally, and in a very summary manner, of the way in which fighting was going on throughout the whole Roman world. To quote the passage is the best refutation of the meaning into which Dr. Simpson has tortured it:—

Hec tempore velut per universum orbem Romanum bellicum canentibus buccinis, excitate gentes severissime limites sibi proximos persultabant. Gallias Rhætiæque simul Alamanni populabantur; Sarmatæ Pannonias et Quadi; Picti Saxonesque et Scotti et Atacoti Britannos ærumnis vexavere continuis; Austriani Maurisque alii gentes Africanæ solito acris incursabant; Thraciæ et diripiebant predatores globi Gothorum.

The historian is speaking generally of attacks made on Britain, as on other parts of the Roman empire, and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that these attacks were made either under the same leader or in the same quarter. This consideration disposes of the fourth and six headings in what Dr. Simpson calls his evidence. The fifth is such astounding nonsense that we quite envy the man who had the courage to look at it without blushing after he had written it down. In fact, the very edges of Dr. Simpson's book seemed to have blushed themselves into red for very shame. With regard to the seventh and eighth proofs, Dr. Simpson has not advanced one single argument worth a straw to show why the inscription is in the Latin language and characters. Runic it infallibly would have been if it had been erected, at that period, in memory of a Saxon leader. So that when Dr. Simpson asks whether the "Cat Stane be not the tombstone of the grandfather of Hengist and Horsa?" we must go a step further than the *Not Proven* of his countrymen, and give, for reply, the most emphatic negative which any known language can furnish.

NEWTON'S DISCOVERIES AT CNIDUS AND BRANCHIDÆ.*

THE second volume of the text of Mr. Newton's history of his discoveries in Asia Minor has at last made its appearance. The delay may well be pardoned in consideration of the labour and scholarship expended in its preparation. The editing and interpreting of the Greek inscriptions, in which Dr. Liddell gave efficient help, would alone require a long time for its satisfactory accomplishment. We observe that Mr. Newton makes no reference whatever to the lively controversy which arose upon the publication of his former volume. The restoration of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, which was suggested by his architectural colleague, Mr. Pullan, and adopted by himself, did not commend itself, it will be remembered, to most of his critics. Mr. Fergusson, in particular,

published a very clever reply, in which he ventured upon an alternative "restoration" of the famous tomb of Mausolus; and almost all competent judges have agreed that this new design, if not an exact embodiment of the original idea, is at least more likely to be a true one than the hideous pile which was represented in Mr. Pullan's sections and elevations. Mr. Newton, as we have said, waives the opportunity of saying the last word which the appearance of this concluding volume would have afforded him; and we know not whether to attribute his silence to indifference or conviction.

It must be granted that the narrative now before us, which contains a record of the discoveries made by Mr. Newton's expedition at Cnidus and Branchidæ, is singularly unattractive in style. It is little more than a bare record and enumeration of facts and technical details. Almost the only touch of nature which we found in perusing it was a grumble at the wanton mischief perpetrated by "some of the Greek inhabitants at Geronta," who came during the night to Branchidæ, and scored with their knives an inscription which had just been excavated and cleaned for the purpose of photographing. No one need refer to these pages for anything beyond a dry narrative of the works carried on, or journeys made, by the expedition, with a minute description of the ruins, or fragments, or inscriptions which were examined. But the work is done thoroughly well. Mr. Newton has given fresh proof of his philological and historical learning, and of his great knowledge of ancient art, and true sympathy for it. Excellent indices, we may add, make the book one of easy reference; and, altogether, it is a work which we are not ashamed to expose to the criticism of foreign scholars and archaeologists.

The volume opens with a description of the excavations among the ruins of Cnidus. Mr. Newton prefaces it with a history of the city, which is quite as good, and quite as new as that which he gave of Halicarnassus in the former half of the book. For our present purpose, it will suffice to say that the Cnidians were always remarkable for their taste and liberality in the encouragement of art:—

As early as the middle of the fifth century B.C., they had invested part of their wealth acquired in commerce in two pictures, painted on the walls of the Lesche, at Delphi, by the most celebrated artist of the time, Polygnotus.

About a century later, they adorned their city with the famous nude Venus of Praxiteles, which with its shrine is described in such lively colours by Lucian in his *Amores*. The anecdote will be remembered of the offer of Nicomedes of Bithynia to redeem the whole public debt of Cnidus in exchange for this statue. A chief object with the exploring expedition was to discover the exact site of this famous temple. Unfortunately they found nothing which threw any light on the subject in their excavations on the spot which Colonel Leake supposed to be that of the temple of Venus. Mr. Newton could not reconcile with Lucian's description of the *temenos* the existing features of the platform on which this Corinthian structure originally stood; and he inclines to think that the remains are those of a Gymnasium. His party were more fortunate in their identification of the *temenos* of Demeter, Persephone, and Pluto Epimachos. This spot was found to be an almost inexhaustible quarry of mutilated sculpture. Mr. Newton argues that Cnidus must have been overthrown by an earthquake, judging from the state in which the fragments of buildings were found. The said *temenos* seems to have been a shrine or chapel dedicated by some private family to the Infernal Deities. Its architectural merits were small; but it must have been full of votive sculpture. Inscriptions showed that this *oikos* was dedicated by one Chrysis, from whose descendants the successive priestesses were to be appointed, the cost of keeping the building in repair being charged on land held in trust for that purpose. From the form of the letters in the inscription, Mr. Newton assigns to this foundation the date of B.C. 350; and he finds in the sculptured fragments which he brought to light internal evidence that the statues were of the same period. In other words, they must have been the works of the contemporaries or immediate successors of Praxiteles himself. Here is his criticism of their style:—

The fragments from the *temenos*, when compared with the sculptures from the Mausoleum, exhibit more tenderness and refinement of expression, greater richness of line, and a more elaborate finish generally; while, at the same time, they are less grand and monumental in character, as, indeed, might have been expected in the case of isolated statues severally dedicated by private persons. The style of the Cnidian fragments is peculiar, and reminds one of the Psyche at Naples, which has also been thought by Müllingen to present the characteristics of Praxitelean art.

Mr. Newton naturally hoped that he might discover, among these statues and inscriptions, something that would throw new light on the Eleusinian mysteries or any other of the rites by which Demeter and Persephone were worshipped. His wish was not gratified. But two statues were found which are supposed to represent the former goddess as the *mater dolorosa*, wandering disconsolately in search of her daughter, and, again, as overjoyed at finding her. The former is described as presenting the form and features of an aged woman wasted with sorrow, without any of that matronly comeliness which usually characterized the goddess Demeter in ancient art. The Homeric hymn likens the wandering Demeter to an old nurse or housekeeper:—

Οἶαι τε τροφεὶ σὺν θεῶσιν ὄντων βασιλῆων
Παιδῶν, καὶ ταῖσι κατὰ ὄμματα ἤχηντα.

This type of the sorrowing Demeter has not yet been recognised, says Mr. Newton, in any extant monument of ancient art, though

* *A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ.* By C. T. Newton, M.A., assisted by R. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. London: Day & Sons. 1863.

Clement of Alexandria describes the goddess as distinguished in sculpture by the expression of her grief under her bereavement.

Among the less important discoveries at Cnidus may be mentioned that of the ancient cisterns which supplied the town with water. These are cut out of the native rock in the shape of a pear, and are lined with cement. How necessary these reservoirs were may be judged from the fact that only one natural spring rises within the city walls. Among the ruins of the temple of Demeter, already described, Mr. Newton found a large collection of curious stone objects, each consisting of a pair of female breasts placed on a plinth, and connected by a handle. These are supposed to be votive offerings, resembling those models of diseased parts of the body which are so often deposited in Roman Catholic churches, even to this day, near the shrine of some supposed miracle-working saint. But another supposition is, that they are weights—a view which is supported by the fact that some marks resembling Roman numerals are inscribed on their handles. On being tested in the scales, these singular objects exhibited certain relative proportions which can hardly be accounted for, in Mr. Newton's opinion, on any other supposition. These weights are duly recorded in an appendix for the satisfaction of persons interested in the question. Some curious glass bottles and terra-cotta lamps rewarded the labours of the excavators. In particular, a lamp for twelve burners radiating from a centre—a very graceful design—is new to us. Speculating upon the curious fact that so many hands and feet were discovered among the ruins with no trace of the bodies to which they were attached, Mr. Newton hazards the supposition that the statues were originally *acrotithic*—that is, that the extremities only were of marble, the trunks having been of wood or some other perishable material. This idea is confirmed by the circumstance that many of these hands and feet have a joint by which they were fixed on the arms or legs to which they belonged.

The explorers also discovered the ancient Necropolis of Cnidus; and here we cannot but regret that Mr. Newton's classical enthusiasm led him to ignore almost entirely the foundations of the Christian Church, of extremely early date, which was built on this site. He describes the plan as Basilican with an apse, and its pavement and columns as borrowed from earlier heathen structures, but gives scarcely any other particulars. From the second and third century epitaphs found on this site, he deduces the inference that the title *ἡρώς* in later Greek was generally applied to the dead, meaning little more than *ὁ μικροῦτος*.

The description of the famous Lion Tomb of Cnidus occupies a separate chapter. The author is of opinion that it marked a Polyandron, or public monument, commemorating a number of citizens slain in battle; and, arguing from the style of its sculpture, which he describes as being more severe and less rich and flowing, and, therefore, rather earlier in date, than that of the statues of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, he wishes to connect it with the famous victory of Conon over the Lacedæmonian fleet, which happened off this promontory in the year 491 B.C. The discoveries at Branchidæ were generally less important; though the sculptures brought to light there are assigned to an earlier period of art, viz. from 580 to 520 B.C. Mr. Newton discerns in these a decided Egyptian character in their proportions, such as the breadth of their shoulders, and in their style of modelling.

A very minute and curious account of the mediæval Castle of St. Peter at Budrum (or Halicarnassus) is contributed by Mr. Pullan in an Appendix. It was built by a German, Henry Schlegelholz, for Philibert de Naillac, the French Grand Master of Rhodes, who took Budrum in 1404. One of the towers was built by Englishmen, whose shields of arms, twenty-three in number, are carved in a row over the doorway. The families thus represented include those of Montague, Stafford, De Vere, Sheffield, Harcourt, Zouch, Neville, Percy, Strange, Talbot, Monthermer, Courtenay, Fitzhugh, and Hallestow. Mr. Pullan detects an English character in the architectural design of this tower. The chapel of the knights, now used as a mosque, is of Spanish architecture. It is a parallelogram in plan, with an eastern apse; and its roodscreen remains, though now placed in a slanting direction, pointing towards Mecca. Finally, we may again notice the accumulated proofs adduced in this volume that the Greeks painted their sculpture. In the case of the Lion of Cnidus it would seem that the eye-sockets, which are now empty cavities, were filled originally with metallic or vitreous eyeballs. We warmly congratulate Mr. Newton on the completion of his arduous undertaking.

MISS GOODMAN ON SISTERHOODS.*

THIS book has a special as well as a general object. With regard to the latter—the Sisterhoods of which it treats—our duty is easy. As regards the former—the exposure, namely, of the vices imputed to a particular example of sisterhoods—we feel the difficulty natural to one who interposes in a dispute where one party assails, and the other endures to be so treated—*ubi tu pulcra, ego capulo tantum*. Miss Goodman writes on Sisterhoods with pathos and point, and furnishes, we believe, many facts of profound interest about them; but we are perpetually reminded, by comparison or allusion, of a certain sisterhood for which the authoress has not quite sisterly feelings. In displaying the merits of other

societies, she seems to have an eye all the while on the demerits of this one. Thus, the "Poor Clares," the "Convent of the Good Shepherd" at Hammersmith, and the "French Sisters of Charity," are all contrived to reflect a ray of disparagement on the Devonport House. The rules of the former are placed side by side with those of this last in parallel columns. In describing the institution of St. Vincent de Paul, the authoress pauses to remark:—

The following extracts give a picture of an abbess of this order; and I fear there are mothers in the Protestant sisterhoods to whom the same would not be applicable. . . . Always first to accuse herself of any fault against the rule, always seeking the lowest offices, she might be seen serving in the refectory, and washing up the dishes; and weakness and age alone hindered her from undertaking the most menial offices.

Is this the practice in the Devonport sisterhood?

Again, speaking of a house of sisters at Brompton under episcopal sanction and superintendence, she proceeds:—

The mother superior cannot alter the rules, but is amenable to them equally with the lowest sister in the house; she also takes her share in the common lot; there is no especial grandeur for a "Lady Abbess."

And when tracing the amiable points to be found in the "Poor Clares," the following reflections naturally find their place:—

If the countenance is any index to the mind, the community of Poor Clares are certainly far happier than their initiators in the Anglican Sisterhood, and I am quite sure that they are utterly free from their affectation and excessive reticence; indeed, the Poor Clares are as simple and open as little children, but withal lady-like and agreeable women.

She cannot even detail the observations which she made on a convent for reclaiming criminals and unfortunates without such a glance as this at her former friends:—

There must of course first be the love of Jesus in the heart, or outward things avail not; but having that, it is wonderful the effect which loving ways and loving looks have upon poor outcasts. How desirable a work it would prove if Anglican sisters could only be found sufficiently discreet and self-denying to have committed to them the charge of prisoners! I believe our Government would gladly avail themselves of such aid, if it could be found in the English Church.

And with even less of obliquity, comparison is made the vehicle of disparagement in the remark that in a house of Romish sisters—

wherever we went that day, though I fear we somewhat transgressed the rules, we were treated with the most patient politeness; and I would humbly suggest, that it might be well if Anglican sisters would copy those of Rome in this respect. They are very fond of copying Rome in many other ways.

Such, then, we take to be the inner *animus* of this book. The first hundred and ninety pages give direct descriptions of scenes, characters, and incidents in the Devonport House, and the remaining eighty-five pages afford various parallels offering points of comparison to its disadvantage. The personal evasion, as alleged, of her fair share of the hardships of discipline by the "Lady Abbess," the happier look and unaffected manner of the "Poor Clares," the desirableness, for certain purposes, of discretion and self-denial, such as "Anglican Sisters" are not found to display, and the absence of politeness from amongst these latter imitative devotees—all are touched off with a uniformity of tenor which points to what we have called the special object of the authoress in writing. Women have not the kindest way of censuring each other, even when they mean to be most fair; and the present critic will not allow the objects of her remarks to be self-denying, contrasts them pointedly with "ladylike and agreeable women," and denies them even the commonplace virtue of ordinary politeness.

This leads us to observe that the book is obviously that of a partisan; and so are some of the remarks with which it has been met. The statement that the Lady or Mother Superior does not share the austerities which she imposes is advanced and denied by two ladies who speak with the authority of eye-witnesses in direct contradiction of each other—the impugnor of Miss Goodman's statements only qualifying her remarks by a plea, on the Mother Superior's behalf, of weak or broken health and acute physical suffering, contracted through her services to the poor during the cholera season of 1849. These counter-statements, we believe, appeared in different journals under the signatures of the ladies, Miss Warren and Miss Meyrick. What leads us chiefly to remark that Miss Goodman's strictures have been taken up in a partisan spirit is the question raised concerning her position and work. It seems that she called herself a "sister," instead of a "probationer," of Mercy, if the latter be, which we are not sure it is, the correct term. Few will think the distinction worth resting upon, unless it involves any disadvantage in the matter of testimony. Of course the testimony may be overbalanced by other testimony; but simply to prove that the deponent was only a nursery governess, or only, if that were so, a menial servant, does not invalidate the evidence as it stands.

The worst thing, perhaps, which has been proved against the Devonport House, is the alteration in its rules. It is nine years ago, that the Bishop of Exeter wrote as follows to the "Mother Superior." He says of his own position as a "Visitor," that it had been "little more than a mere title;" and adds that:—

So long as the nature and operations of the sisterhood could be judged by the rules which have been published to the world, especially those which were submitted to me, and were in part prescribed by me, before I consented to become officially connected with your community, I could have no hesitation in giving you whatever encouragement the use of my name might afford. But I frankly avow that I do not think these rules form any longer a true criterion of the nature of your institution.

The Bishop, at greater length than we can here quote, then proceeded to point out that, in those rules, guarantees for liberty

* *Sisterhoods in the Church of England, with Notices of some Charitable Sisterhoods in the Romish Church.* By M. Goodman. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

of action, especially as regards withdrawal from membership, were given, with which the spirit in which the House had since been administered was wholly at variance, and also for the continued right of any sister to any property she might bring with her to the sisterhood, for the disappearance of which the Bishop had discovered a dangerous loophole in the form of gifts to the common fund of the society. His lordship concluded with a caution against high-flown claims of "holy obedience," which, since the Bishop's authority has been withdrawn from the House, is nothing more nor less than simple obedience to a single lady on the part of other single ladies. Here is, indeed, the intense absurdity of the whole thing, which makes its pretensions a ridiculous caricature of the authority claimed in the Church of Rome, under the supposed divine authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. If single ladies choose to wear mob-caps, or "stick-up" collars, to cut their hair short, or let it hang undressed and long, to go barefoot, or even turn out in the now exploded "Bloomer" costume, they have no serious claims on the attention of society. But if one of the number claims to direct the costume of the rest, and instils into their minds that they must obey her under pain of spiritual perils and an abdication of their religious selves—if she draws them into her influence as free agents, and then succeeds in terrifying their imaginations with the consequences of leaving her—she is somewhat like a person who should gain the mesmeric influence over them, and then abuse it to their prejudice.

There are many systems on which sisterhoods might be maintained, but there is one on which it is impossible they should ever be maintained, and that is, the letting a company of women, or one of their number, have simply their or her own way. We believe that the Devonport Sisters have a spiritual guide of their own choosing, since the bishop of their diocese and the incumbent of their parish gave them up. But what is wanting in the view which we get of this House is a little male common-sense to temper the ascetic immolation of these ladies, whether suffered voluntarily, or inflicted by superior and elders on the rest. There are some things which human nature cannot endure, some which it ought not to suffer, and insatiable self-infliction seldom stops short of either, when the ascetic principle goes on developing under the influence of untempered enthusiasm. The Pope and his Cardinals would never have thought of sanctioning such a House as that at Devonport. They have the experience and the scandals of centuries to guide and warn them; they have forms of government and reserves of hierarchical power, ready to check the abuses and moderate the extravagances of female devotion, and to prevent the Church's doves from growing beaks and claws that are decidedly aquiline. All that is recorded of this institution represents it as a purgatory for many of its inmates, although it may pour out a cornucopia of blessings among the poor, the sick, and the orphans around it.

On the other hand, except the solitary letter of Miss Warren, who writes as an acknowledged volunteer, we have no defence, no apology, exculpation, or confession. The discipline of silence, with which Miss Goodman charges the society, is practically exemplified in their total reticence from reply. As a household of "weaker vessels," liable to the ordinary female propensities to the use of tongue and pen, and under the special provocation of being written at by one of their own sex, this faculty of silence is remarkable. Most persons have heard of the "silent woman," and know how the silence which the village sign-board illustrated was ensured, and such will know how to value it in the case of those who, with the right and the opportunity to be voluble, have remained with sealed lips—who, when the "adversary" has "written" the wished-for "book," take up no pen in reply, and, when he (or she) curses, do not even bless. As regards the question of policy, perhaps silence has a certain advantage, where even a temperate defence might widen the breach and inflame popular prejudices into more active malignity. It is better sometimes to "leave," not "well" only, but ill "alone." People who act on this principle also escape the ugly chances of self-accusation, and can defy the proverb, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. They seem to appeal to a higher tribunal by refusing to plead at the bar of public opinion; they suggest a lofty superiority in themselves over the accuser, and carry the impression of a magnanimity that is not of this world. On these grounds, we presume, therefore, though speech, print, or manuscript might be silver, yet silence, in their view, is gold, and thus Miss Goodman's attempts to get a "rise"—in the unfeminine vernacular—out of the Mother Superior have failed. Her impartiality and candour remind us of that of the lawyer in holy orders, who felt uncomfortable at first in the pulpit, till he suddenly reflected that there was nobody "on the other side." She is just a little too plainly trimming a cap for somebody all along; and although the trimming in question is of the very quietest kind, yet the pins and needles leave their marks throughout. The worst of the case is, that we are only likely to get one-sided information, and that from one who has run away—the result of the silent system on the part of the sisters being to let even their good be evil spoken of. Thus it is difficult to tell whether these pins and needles are all pointed with truth, or with tattle. Still, the book makes us very sorry for, and very suspicious of, female goodness left to itself, and certain that, if it was "not good for a man to be alone," it must be far worse for *femmes soles* to erect themselves into a sole and separate community, with unlimited opportunity of afflicting each other or themselves.

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK—DRAMATIZED AND FRENCHIFIED.*

WHENEVER any of our fair readers, having exhausted the "novelties of the season," are longing for an "interesting" book, we recommend them to try Scott's *Life of Swift*. The domestic part of the narrative affords the most striking illustration of the frequent remark, that the romance of real life transcends the romance of fiction. The story of the Dean's loves is more exciting, more dramatic, more fraught with telling situations and high-wrought feelings, than the most artfully contrived plot of Balzac or Charles de Bernard, of the author of *Pelham* or the author of the *Woman in White*. It has, moreover, the advantage of being pre-eminently chaste; for the Dean was a model of continence; and when he talked Platonically, he meant what he talked. A distinguished prelate was pleased not long since to define man's love as the desire for the possession of the object, and woman's love as the desire for the desire of the man. In Swift's case (or cases) the relative positions were reversed. When his ladies spoke of matrimony as the natural consummation of their hopes, he changed the subject, or lectured them on the awful nature of the responsibilities they were selfishly forcing on him. With Stella, Varina, and Vanessa it was the same. If he broke their hearts, he never alarmed their delicacy; never, at least, in the pleasant and more pardonable way. He became retiring as they became pressing; he grew cold as they grew warm; he made both them and himself supremely miserable; and their sole comfort must have been of the kind proffered by M. Grimaud de la Reynière to the Strasbourg geese under treatment for the enlargement of their livers—that their very sufferings were the cause and condition of their fame. The truth is, he was a male coquet of the most dangerous sort—from his declared contempt of flatterers and flutterers, from the varied richness of his conversation, and from the distinction he conferred. "I have heard a woman say," says Mr. Thackeray, "that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness."

Varina (Miss Jane Waryng) paid the smallest price for glory, and got least of it. She had wasted five or six years of her life upon him, when he threw her over on the stale pretext of insufficient means, politely adding that if she could bear poverty (which he could not) he should be blessed "to have her in his arms," without regarding whether her person was beautiful or her fortune large. "Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I ask for." The engagement terminated in 1696, and nothing further is recorded of her. The acquaintance with Stella (Esther Johnson) began at Sir William Temple's, whose natural daughter she is (incorrectly, we think) suggested to have been. It ripened into the warmest sort of intimacy consistent with the Dean's amatory system about 1698, and had every outward and visible sign of being unabated in 1713, when, leaving her with Mrs. Dingley in Ireland, he repaired to England to co-operate with Harley and St. John in overthrowing his old friends the Whigs. Here he fell in with Vanessa (Miss Esther Vanhomrigh) the heroine of the poem generally and justly accepted as his best. The terms on which they ultimately stood are so minutely described in it that it is superfluous to dwell upon them:

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four.

He might have said forty-six or forty-seven; but we cannot suspect him of Lady Morgan's weakness, and must attribute the error to the tyranny of rhyme,

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.

Well he might, considering that Stella, now near forty, and with rights of some sixteen years' standing, was anxiously expecting him. He tries the same game which had succeeded so well with Varina; but it won't do this time. Vanessa follows him to Ireland, and makes so little secret of her feelings and her claims, that Stella's jealousy is roused, and to quiet her fears or get rid of her mute upbraids, he marries her, stipulating that they shall live as before, and never make known the marriage. Vanessa became jealous in her turn of the mysterious connexion that was in everybody's mouth, and wrote to Stella to clear it up. Stella replied that the Dean was her husband, and the Dean on hearing what had taken place, rode instantly to Vanessa's residence, dashed into her sitting-room, flung her own letter on the table, and dashed out again without uttering a word. This scene was her death-warrant.

These passages in the Dean's life, mixed up and seasoned with traits of his peculiar humour, form the materials of Messrs. de Wailly and Ulbach's drama, and it would be difficult to find better materials for a play to be acted before a foreign audience, whose enjoyment was not likely to be lessened by accurate knowledge of the facts. Yet there was surely no necessity for misdescriptions and inaccuracies which impair instead of enhancing effect; and it is a puzzle to us why educated and accomplished Frenchmen, like these two gentlemen, will never take the smallest trouble to avoid the most obvious solecisms or incongruities. Thus, in M. Casimir Delavigne's play, *La Popularité*, the plot turns on the ambition of a Comte de Derby to become Lord Mayor of London; and in another play by what Jacob Tonson would call "an eminent hand," this same city dignitary is introduced returning from the

* *Le Doyen de Saint Patrick*. Drame en Cinq Actes, en Prose. De MM. Léon de Wailly et Louis Ulbach. Représenté pour la Première Fois à Paris, sur le Théâtre Impérial de l'Odéon, le 20 Novembre, 1862. Paris.

chase, exclaiming, "Je viens de tuer mes six renards." One of the *dramatis personæ*, in a popular piece, is called Lord Dog; Sir Robert Peel will remain Sir Peel to the end of time; and Shakspeare is constantly invoked as *L'immortel Williams*! In the production before us Sir Robert Walpole is turned into Lord Walpole, and the offer made in his name to the Dean is a peerage, not a bishopric.

Scene the first is the parsonage house of Laracor. The rectory is vacant; and Tisdal, the curate, who has applied for it, is anxiously awaiting the result of his application, with his servant Patrick, afterwards Swift's servant (an historic character), by his side. Whilst Patrick is preparing to raise the village and receive with a *charivari* any new rector other than his master, a stern-looking stranger walks in, takes a chair, orders a bottle of wine, and tells Patrick to carry his cloak to his room. "Your room, what room?" "The best." Tisdal enters and demands the name of his visitor. "Doctor Swift, your rector; sit down." This is a mitigated version of Scott's anecdote, who says that Swift went down incognito, walked straight to the curate's house, and announced himself bluntly as "his master." Mrs. Dingley and Stella, represented as just budding into womanhood at sweet eighteen, have preceded him, also it would appear *incog.*, and Tisdal has fallen in love with the so-called ward and pupil of his new rector. He is a warm-hearted man, of exemplary goodness and piety, and speedily gains Swift's confidence:

Tisdal. What, you are the famous Dr. Swift, the author of *Gulliver*?

Swift (with bonhomie). You have read me? Well, you, who are a sincere man, speak—were you satisfied?

Tisdal. Oh, sir, you are a great genius!

Swift. Hush! say no more, flatterer. We are at Laracor, not at London. Here, no flattery, no falsehood. Oh, my dear Mr. Tisdal, I have had enough, I have had too much, of these empty praises, of this admiration which furnishes instead of satisfying. Yes, I am famous, that is to say, envied, hated, calumniated. For the clearest right of glory is to be insulted by the first-comer.

Tisdal. This discouragement!

Swift. Discouraged, no; but enlightened, but discontented with the world, and with my mind thoroughly made up to be no more the dupe of others, nor of myself. I spoke of envy. There are other dangers for the celebrated man. Hate at best gives strength, it doubles energy—(with a sigh) but these caresses, these lying smiles of the great world which disarm and deliver you up—there is the peril—

Tisdal. I see; one must not go to London to acquire a good opinion of men!

Swift. Nor of women! They are a hundred times more dangerous. Their frivolity is but the mask of their perfidy. And we are too fortunate when they only deceive us on their own account; for politics, which make use of everything and corrupt everything, sometimes find skilful auxiliaries in them. More than one of these fair ladies, under pretext of sentiment, is thinking only of trafficking with our consciences—(with a sigh) oh, these women! What enemies of our duty, of our repose!

Gulliver's Travels was not published till twelve years afterwards, nor the *Drapier's Letters* (to which reference is also made in the play) till seven; but these are discrepancies which a French writer would not care to rectify, and a French critic would pass by with a "*c'est égal*." Swift's diatribe against "gilded saloons" and their treacherous occupants descends suddenly from generals to particulars:

Never trust the peace of your soul to a woman. There was one at London. She was the most attractive creature. All the gifts of nature and fortune. A young girl worthy in all points to be the choice of an honest man—grace and energy—an independent character, and a mental training, an intelligence, a wit! . . . She made verses, my friend, delicious verses. Well, all these perfections, all this poetry, were a lure, a snare, in which Walpole had promised himself I should fall. Yes, I! It is more than my advice, it is my example, that I am giving you. This Armida tried to seduce me! But I have an experience of the world that you have not been able to gain in solitude. I am not one of those whose heads turn on the edge of an abyss. Thank God, I have always in reserve that strength of will which breaks the charm and averts the snare.

Tisdal. All women do not deal in politics.

Swift. No, but they all deal in *coquetterie*, which is a species of politics.

The proof of both propositions is at hand. Tisdal, emboldened by this colloquy, asks Swift to sanction his addresses to his ward, and a telling situation is produced by the Dean's supposing that Tisdal has been accepted by her. When, after a game of cross purposes, his jealous anxiety is suddenly relieved by finding that Tisdal has not yet sounded the lady's inclinations, he bursts out:—

Eh! But one begins by the beginning, and the deuce take you. Here are two hours that you have made me lose in listening to projects in the air. My time is precious. I have not yet had time to read my newspapers. *Au revoir*, Mr. Tisdal; *au revoir*.

His soliloquy is broken by the entrance of Stella, a gay, romping girl, who challenges him to a game of battledore and shuttle-cock, in which he engages, remarking that "probably that fellow Tisdal could not play at it if he tried." A close observer of human nature has remarked that you may find out whether two people are in love with one another by watching narrowly their demeanour at this game. It was becoming somewhat compromising for the Dean and his pupil, when Patrick announces that a lady is waiting to see his master, "a very handsome lady, but an odd name, Miss Van- Van- Vanho-." The startled recollection of Swift fills up the blank with Vanhomrigh, and in growing confusion he requests Stella to leave him alone with one in whom she instinctively perceives the destroyer of her peace. Scott says that Vanessa had "youth, fortune, fashion, all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient." Lord Orrery, an habitual depreciator, denies her all these advantages except youth. Still, a French dramatist cannot be blamed for investing his heroine with them; nor for portraying their influence on Swift; who, when she indignantly

repudiates the character of an emissary or a schemer, forgets all his boasted philosophy, all his wise resolutions, and very nearly forgets Stella:—

Miss V. You will serve Ireland more usefully at London than at Dublin. Slander the step I have taken; you will not hinder me from having dreamed a dream not devoid of grandeur. I had imagined that the author of *Gulliver* had acquired the right to speak at length without irony, without apologue, without mask, to England and to the world, and that for this purpose he required a seat in the Upper House of Parliament.

Oh, these men! They think of nothing but their pride! If it was for myself, for myself alone, that I came to look for you, if it was from egotism to have back my poet—he who has given me immortality under the name, for ever glorious, of Vanessa.

They were then acting the poetry which was afterwards to be embodied in verse, and her dear-bought glory was yet in embryo. But let that pass:—

Ah, you do not know how to read in hearts, since you have not divined my love! But then you have seen nothing! you have comprehended nothing.

Swift (apart). She loved me!

Miss V. And you believed me the instrument of Lord Walpole?

Swift. You served him, Esther, and you serve him still in trying to tear me from this retreat.

Miss V. Him! But what care I for minister, king, or politics? Come to London, not to accept the favours of a power which wants to purchase what it knows not how to win—come to strive, to conquer, to obey your mission, to defend the Ireland you are abandoning. You loved her once. Well, we will be two to love her, to serve her. I was mad; you are right. What is the peerage, the office, the favour of the king, placed alongside of the part of the liberator of Ireland, alongside of the gratitude of your country? Will you believe me, at last, if I turn Irishwoman for your sake.

When young and charming nieces of Prime Ministers talk to middle-aged Deans in this fashion, the Deans are naturally as prone to exclaim, "Let us go to London," as the Athenians after hearing Demosthenes were ready to cry out, "Let us march against Philip." But a glimpse of Stella in the garden checks the impulse, and he postpones till the morrow his definite acceptance of Vanessa's hand, with all its tempting contingencies. Then Tisdal proposes to Stella; and she, with that embarrassing frankness with which all Swift's pupils were imbued by him, at once owns her love for her guardian, who is speedily informed of this second and awkwardly cotemporaneous result of his peculiar mode of teaching. Then a meeting is ingeniously contrived between the two ladies, at which Vanessa is hurried into mortifying her rival by the statement that Swift had reciprocated her passion, and that their union was on the very verge of taking place. Then Stella, tearful and heartbroken, tells Swift how she had been crushed and confounded by this revelation, which should at least have been softened by coming directly from himself. Then, appalling in his stern and concentrated anger, he upbraids Vanessa with her treacherous cruelty, and flings her off. Then he goes through the ceremony of a secret marriage with Stella; and Vanessa finds it out and poisons herself; and the Dean frowns on and abandons his bride, till she, too, is at death's door: and Tisdal, true and generous throughout and to the last, brings him back by reproaches just time enough to soothe her as she dies. Whilst he stands horror-struck, muttering "I have killed her—I have killed her," Patrick, heralded by the loud shouts of a mob, rushes in—

Patrick. Victory, victory. They are coming for the great man, to carry him in triumph.

Tisdal. The great man! Look there!

[The curtain falls.]

Although startling liberties are taken with time and place, the situations, characters, and much of the dialogue, are good; and a useful hint or two might be collected by English dramatists from this play. No nation which respects its great men would endure to see them brought bodily upon the stage. The traditional look and manner might be caught, or the dress might be imitated, as in Madame Tussaud's show-room, or once upon a time (according to Mr. Kinglake) in the barrack-yard at Strasbourg; but the informing mind and vivifying spirit will be wanting, as in the counterfeit Washington, Franklin, Johnson, Richardson, and Wolfe, with whom a living master of fiction has encumbered his otherwise truthful and animated page. Shakspeare, however, did not disdain to look abroad for stories to form the groundwork of his finest creations; and it would surely be better to search French, Italian, or Spanish history and biography for plots to be honestly worked up, than to go on plagiarizing wholesale from the French—like the familiar broom-seller who, to undersell a competitor who stole the materials, stole his brooms ready-made.

CHINA FROM A MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW.*

THERE can be little doubt that, in a commercial point of view, China will be for many years to come a very Tom Tiddler's ground to British enterprise; and it must be granted that the stories of comparatively young men returning home treasure-laden, with large fortunes amassed by a few years of hard work and much risk, are enough to turn the heads of mercantile aspirants. There are, however, two sides to the picture; for there have also come sad stories of the unhealthiness of those Chinese seaboard towns where trade with us barbarians is chiefly carried on. Hence, there are many at home who, without any professional object, will

* *China from a Medical Point of View* in 1860 and 1861. By Charles Alexander Gordon, M.D., C.B., Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, Army Medical Department. London: J. Churchill. 1862.

eagerly read this work of Dr. Gordon's to obtain some resolution of their doubts about the climate of China as it affects European constitutions. We fear that disappointment will be the result, since the book they require has yet to be written. There is really no authoritative work which supplies the needed information as to the risks of deportation to tropical climates, and the means to be adopted for reducing these risks to a minimum. The books hitherto written on the subject have been either too deep or too shallow—learned dissertations on diseases, or descriptive narratives with very incidental mention of the things to be done or left undone for maintenance of health. But as it is evident that China will henceforth be a station for British troops, Dr. Gordon has merely looked with the official eye of an Inspector-General of Hospitals on all the places he visited; and whatever he writes of the country from a medical point of view is in special reference to the health of troops which may be stationed there. Of the diseases of the natives, and of the dangers to which civilians may be exposed, he tells singularly little. And as his opportunities of seeing the country were very restricted, his book has scarcely more claim to be considered as performing the implied promise of its title than the brick which Scholastics took to market could be held to represent the house he proposed to sell. Dr. Gordon went to China to join the troops that so overawed the Chinese as to lead to the bloodless evacuation of Peking. He missed the expedition at Hongkong, but followed it up the Peiho to Tien-tsin, and on the way took notes according to his opportunities. From the hurry of his journey we find that many important commercial stations are either passed over altogether, or described in a few general remarks, such as any non-professional observer would have jotted down. For the purpose he had in view, such an arrangement might be suitable; but it is not a due execution of the task which an author undertakes when he announces a work on China from a medical point of view.

In an introductory chapter, Dr. Gordon describes the issue of our previous dealings with the people of the flowery land, and evidently entertains no sanguine expectation that the new treaty will be any better observed than those which preceded it. He sketches lightly the history of the wonderful country itself, casually introducing little allusions to the historical events which are so marvellous in our eyes—records of occurrences at the time of the Noachian deluge, of trade with Babylon the mighty ere she fell, and with ancient Egypt in her glory. Also he traces succinctly the reputed origin of several of the most curious customs of the people—the distortion of the feet, the shaving of the head, and their strange method of disposing of the remains of what Mr. Meadows irreverently designates “potted ancestors.”

On landing at Hongkong, Dr. Gordon found that the troops had gone to the north, leaving provision for the accommodation of 750 sick soldiers in and about Victoria. The medical arrangements here made were excellent; but the folly of selecting a notoriously unhealthy place as a dépôt for sick and wounded is unnoticed by Dr. Gordon, as it has been otherwise passed by, since, by good chance, there was no occasion to use the accommodation provided. Fever, erysipelas, hospital gangrene, and other terrible results would have inevitably followed the aggregation of a large number of sick and wounded troops. For, at one time, the mortality among Europeans at Hongkong amounted to 28 per cent. per annum, and this for years together; and even now Dr. Gordon describes the type of the prevailing fever as much resembling that which he had seen on the west coast of Africa in its most unhealthy part; and he adds, “I believe that few persons who have suffered from a severe attack of endemic disease in the south of China recover until they have left the country for a time.” He is inclined to attribute the malarious influences which produce these fevers chiefly to terrestrial causes—to the hewing and blasting which a one has rendered possible the erection of the handsome town of Victoria. This opinion finds a confirmation in the description of Mr. M. Martin, who writes of Hongkong that

“the structure of the island may be described as consisting of decomposed coarse granite. That the granite is rotten, and passing, like dead animal and vegetable substances, into a putrescent state, is evinced from the crumbling of the apparently solid rocks beneath the touch, and from the noxious vapour which it yields when the sun strikes fiercely on it after rain. The strata (at Victoria) appear like a richly prepared compost, emitting a fetid odour of the most sickening nature.”

What Dr. Gordon has to say of our principal station in China from a medical view is, therefore, not very encouraging.

As Hongkong lies at the mouth of the great Pearl or Canton river, he made a short excursion to the southern capital of China. His observations are interesting, and the more so as they were evidently written down whilst the impressions were fresh on his mind; but he does not even allude to the healthiness of the place, only observing the presence of large numbers of blind beggars, who, because they are accorded certain special privileges over other mendicants, are uncharitably supposed to voluntarily deprive themselves of sight. From Hongkong he started for the Peiho river, en route to join the army. On his way he visited Shanghai, or Shanghai, or (as Dr. Gordon, with ultra liberality, spells it), Shanghai, now so rapidly rising in commercial importance that it will probably soon be the chief dépôt of foreign trade. His description of the town rather recalls that resemblance which Fluellen found between Macedon and Monmouth:—

“Shanghai and Calcutta are in almost every particular very dissimilar, and yet there was in the general look of the former something which reminded me

forcibly of the latter, more especially the business portion called the Strand. There is the slow muddy river in both places, there is the same dense shipping and the same bustle.”

Of the sanitary condition of Shanghai, of its suitability for Europeans, and of the prevailing diseases he says nothing. He hastened on through the Gulf of Pecheli into the Peiho river, and up its stream to the town of Tien-tsin, where our troops were stationed, whilst the ambassadors and their suite went farther up the stream to have a “talkee pidgeon” at Peking.

This halfway town of Tien-tsin, situated at the intersection of the river and the Imperial canal, seems from all accounts to have been about as filthy a place as it is possible to conceive, and one that will assuredly never prove suitable as a station for European troops, if only on account of the extremes of weather to which it is exposed; for the frost in winter is more intense than we ever experience, the thermometer falling as low as 3° of Fahrenheit, whilst in summer it attains a maximum of 108°, with a mean temperature (in July) of 85·8. In this place Dr. Gordon was stationed for ten months, and his elaborate reports on the health of the troops, the chapters on the Chinese fauna and flora, the extensive meteorological tables, his observations on the people, and, in fact, his medical views of the climate of China, are almost entirely derived from what he saw, did, and noted whilst at this Chinese Blackwall on a large scale. It is only surprising that the troops were not camped without the town instead of being stationed in a crowded city, surrounded by high walls, with narrow streets reeking with filth, a succession of low, badly built houses of one story high with floors where the damp and sickening odours escaped freely, and situated on a river not only more muddy than the Thames, but containing large quantities of filth of the most objectionable kind. Such is Dr. Gordon's description of Tien-tsin, the port town of Peking, and it is creditable to him and his colleagues that the troops got away from such a place without any extraordinary mortality, although the soldiers were packed so close that only 350 cubic inches of air were allowed to each man. The reason for this close stowage was a fear of hurting the feelings of the inhabitants by dispossessing them of their dwellings!

When Dr. Gordon puts off the cares of office and opens his eyes on his own account, he is a charming companion, his remarks abounding in those little shrewd touches which aid so much in making us conversant with the inner life of a foreign and strange people, and thus enabling us to picture them as they are. Hence, the book is one which the general reader will find full of interesting information, without being required to read the purely professional reports on pathology and on hospital arrangements which it contains. Dr. Gordon is especially quick to note whatever reminds him of home; and he describes some things which are almost startling, from their incongruity with our previous notions of the Chinese. He came, in the course of a stroll in the neighbourhood of Tien-tsin, on a couple of swivel guns of native manufacture, which are believed to be 500 years old. They were of inch-and-a-half bore, and evidently manufactured as breech loaders! He saw Chinese children spinning tops and playing with shuttlecocks, using the soles of their feet as battle-dores. He met a veritable Punch and Judy with the orthodox squeaks. He saw gold-fish in glass globes at open windows. He detected a native taste for hawking and cock-fighting. He heard a real cuckoo on June 3, and recognised the cosmopolitan sparrow, as much at home as in a London square. At the inevitable Chinese dinner, which travellers always describe so minutely, he ate Sardinian crabs and apples “with somewhat the flavour of British fruit” (not unlikely, as ours came originally from Syria). He noticed horse-hoofs hung over the doorways for precisely the same reason for which horse-shoes are nailed up at home; and in an interesting description of the coming in of the Chinese New Year (February 10), he mentions some customs which we must hope were in some respects also suggestive of home:—

One of the customs of the Chinese is to pay off all creditors at this season; failing which they are said sometimes to prefer suicide to having to begin the new year in a state of bankruptcy. For some days the shops are closed. On being reopened, the houses are swept clean. This is meant to indicate that the various shortcomings, quarrels, and unpleasantnesses that may have happened during the bygone year are now swept away into oblivion.

But we have kept to the last the most remarkable approximation to English customs. Dr. Gordon records that at Tien-tsin each (native) policeman as he mounts guard for the night is furnished with a hollow piece of wood, upon which, by means of a stick in the other hand, he keeps up a continued tap tap. The police steadily walk backwards and forwards along their beat, by their continuous tap tap fulfilling the double purpose of keeping themselves awake, and intimating to thieves and vagabonds their approach. The Russian police at Sebastopol are said to have a contrivance similar to that just described for giving to thieves and other suspicious characters timely notice of their approach.

Verily there is nothing new under the sun—only we manage the regular tap tap by the tread of the policeman's boot. It needs but the discovery of a Chinese system of ticket-of-leave to deprive us of that one result of our high civilization the originality of which has not yet been doubted—since even the garrotting panic, and the sure and certain remedy adopted of stopping in-doors, find their exact description in the first book of the Epistles of Horace:—

Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipsum serves, non expergiscris.